STORIES *OF THE* SAINTS

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Mrs C. Van D. Chenoweth

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BATTLES AND ENCHANTMENTS

Retold from Ancient Irish Literature

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE beauty of the Irish folk-lore has often suffered at the hands of its interpreters, who have sacrificed truth and true color for fanciful creations of their own. Mr. O'Conor takes up the retelling of the ancient tales with a spirit closely akin to that of their original creators and with the rare advantage of thorough familiarity with both the Gaelic legends and the Gaelic language. The material with which he works is of a strange and wistful charm, and he has the wisdom to tell these stories with the starkness of folk-lore. Following closely the best of the early texts, piecing together fragments of sagas, he recreates in English stories of unforgettable beauty.

His book will be enjoyed not only by older boys and girls, who will revel in the highly colored romance of these strange tales, but by mature readers as well, to whom it will come as a revelation of the dream-like beauty of the world that is revealed in Celtic mythology.

STORIES OF THE SAINTS

By
Mrs C. Van D.
Chenoweth

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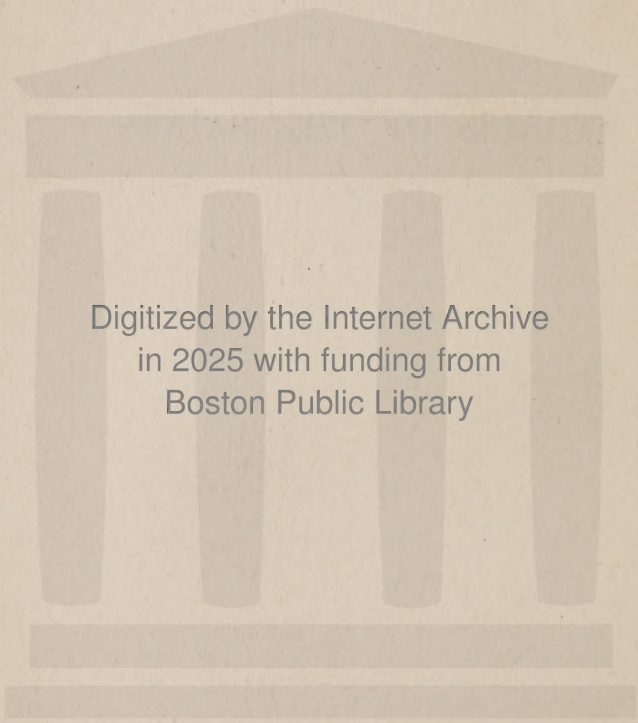
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Franz Hanfstaengl, Photo.

SISTINE MADONNA

Dresden Gallery

STORIES OF THE SAINTS

BY

MRS. C. VAN D. CHENOWETH

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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BY REQUEST OF THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
THE CHILDREN OF TRINITY SUNDAY SCHOOL,
BOSTON, FOR WHOM IT WAS WRITTEN

NOTE.

I am chiefly indebted for the material of this little book to Rev. Alban Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Mrs. Jameson's Works, and Mrs. Clement's "Legendary Art." In several instances, where the language of these writers would suit my simple stories, I have gratefully used it, my sole object being to adapt the beautiful old legends to the children's use, with the least possible change.

I have also drawn from Richard Johnson's "Seven Champions of Christendom," Jocelin's "Life of Saint Patrick," and Mr. Hone's "Everyday Book;" and from many other writers beside, no doubt, whose names do not now occur to me, but to whom, nevertheless, I am heartily grateful.

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TO THE CHILDREN

The stories I have here prepared are very old, but there is not one of them we can afford to lose. For we find, as we arrange the allegory and romance, and the real, historic bits, in a way to suit our later time, that the lessons they hold are as true for us as they were for the childlike people who cherished them a thousand years ago.

Heroism is as fascinating now as then, and so are fearlessness, and self-sacrifice, and purity, and all the other noble qualities which have gone to make up the truest heroes in all ages of the world.

And now let me promise at the outset not to spoil the dear old stories by hanging them about with unprofitable questions, but to give them to you in the simple and straightforward way in which I find them. Some of them will be familiar to you, and therefore the more welcome; and others will, perhaps, come with the

faint sweetness of a half-memory, picked up from some picture-book or some engraving on the wall. And all will hold rich lessons of men and women who dared to be true in their lives when it was a hard, hard thing to do,—heroic lives, whose deeds have been spoken, and written, and sung, and carved, and painted through worshipping ages; the memory of which ought to grow more tender and sweet to you every year that you live.

C. VAN D. C.

BOSTON, MASS.

Saint George

STORIES OF THE SAINTS

Saint George

SAINT GEORGE, of Cappadocia, is the patron saint of England, and by patron saint we mean the guardian, or protector.

He is best known to us as a gallant knight clad in shining armor, and mounted on a noble horse, — a warrior saint indeed! His worship was very ancient in the East, and the Greeks gave him the title of the Great Martyr; but it was left for Richard the First to carry his fame into England, proclaiming the help he had vouchsafed in those holy wars which took up so much of the time of stout-hearted King Richard.

"England and Saint George!" was the battle-cry of the bold crusaders who followed and fought beneath Richard's banner so many

hundred years ago; and "England and Saint George!" has been the triumphant battle-cry of Englishmen upon hard-fought fields even since those fierce old days.

Saint George's claim to all this enthusiasm and reverence lies, of course, in the good that he did while living in the world, and his stories are of that delightful kind which begins properly with "Once upon a time."

Once upon a time in Cappadocia, a country of Asia Minor, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, there was born to noble Christian parents a fair son. And what his childhood and his youth must have been, we are left to judge mainly from the fruits of his manhood.

He was an officer of the army, and once, while on his way to join his legion, he came upon a city whose people were living in great terror because of a dragon who made his home in a marsh outside the city walls. The monster had destroyed their flocks and herds,

and the people were forced at length for safety to shut themselves up in their city, sending out each day a sheep to satisfy the hunger of their dreadful foe.

But a day came when there was no sheep to send, and what to do no one could tell. They dared not wait until hunger should drive the dragon to their walls, since his breath was so foul as to poison all the air about him, and to bring pestilence upon those who breathed it.

Then the king declared that the safety of the multitude must be bought at a grievous price, and that every day two children should be given to the monster, and that they should be taken by lot, that the chance of each might be equal.

The people obeyed the order of the king, for what else could they do? and all day and all night the air was heavy with the lamentation of the parents upon whose children the lot had fallen.

One morning, the streets grew strangely

still, and the people with white faces whispered one to another that now the lot had fallen in the palace, and that the king's fair and only daughter must be led forth a sacrifice to the terrible dragon.

Now the king loved his daughter most tenderly, and begged hard and long for her life at the hands of his people. But their own grief had made them very stern, and they were deaf to his prayers, and reminded him that the edict was of his own making, and that he had proclaimed his own chance to be an equal one with theirs. Therefore he must abide the lot, as they had been forced to do.

Then the king in his passionate grief begged them to spare to him his child but a poor eight days. And to this the people gave consent; and the days sped sadly and swiftly by, while the poor little princess came and went, winning the hearts of all by her meekness and humility, so that the people mourned deeply her sad, sad fate. And though they mourned they did not relent.

When the last day came, Cleodolinda was arrayed in her royal robes, and was taken to a gate of the city by her sorrowing people. To the gate only could they go with her, and all the rest of the dreadful way her poor little trembling feet must tread alone. And though her feet did tremble, and her cheeks grow white with fear at the fate which awaited her, still those soft rich robes rose and fell above a heart right worthy of her royal state, and she spoke words of comfort to her weeping friends, and told them to dry their tears, since she was glad to die for her people.

Then she bade them good-by, and the great gates closed upon her; and out on the ghastly, fearful plain the little princess stood all alone.

Before her lay the way that she must walk to meet the hungry beast, and around her were strewn the bleaching bones of the children who had gone that way before her.

"And why not I as well as they?" thought brave Cleodolinda; "yes, why not better

I?" Then she covered her eyes with her hands to shut out dreadful sights, and thus groped her way along.

What next?

Why, the sound of ringing hoofs upon the ground close beside her!

Surely no vile monster with poisonous breath ever trod the earth in that free and joyous fashion, and Cleodolinda felt a strange new hope at her heart, even before she dared to uncover her eyes.

And whom should it be before her, to be sure, but the brave Saint George, upon his milk-white horse, with glittering spear in rest, and ready to do battle with any evil thing that might cross his path?

The sight of the pale and frightened child upon the lonely plain filled him with great surprise, and he told her to be comforted and to fear nothing, for no harm could come to her when he was by. And then he asked her to tell him her story. For a moment Cleodolinda almost forgot her fright in her admira-

tion for the horse and his rider; and which to admire the most she hardly knew, — whether the great white horse, who stood watching her with kind, wise eyes, or the good knight, his rider, who had promised to defend her from deadly peril, and who looked so grandly equal to the keeping of any promise.

Then the thought of the sad fate to which she was doomed, and from which she must not try to escape, came rushing back upon her. And the little maiden, with streaming eyes, told Saint George that the lot had fallen upon her to die for her people, and that even now the dragon must be near at hand to do his dreadful work, and she besought the good knight to fly, lest he too perish.

And if Saint George had obeyed her, there would have been no story to tell. But instead he answered boldly, "God forbid that I should fly! I will lift my hand against this loathly thing, and will deliver thee through the power of Jesus Christ!"

Even as he spoke the dragon came in sight.

On he came, half flying, half walking, and clashing his brazen scales with horrid noise.

Then Cleodolinda, wild with fright, again besought the knight to fly and to leave her to her fate. But Saint George made the sign of the cross, and rushed upon the monster.

The struggle was fierce and long, for it was hard to fight against those brazen scales; but at length, with a blow equal to the strength of three strong men, Saint George overcame the dragon and pinned him to the earth with his lance; then he looked about for Cleodolinda; and where she was I do not know.

Some of the old pictures say that she had run away, and perhaps they are right, since she could give no help in the terrible struggle; but it is pleasant to know that others tell us she had waited near her champion,

"With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,"

which is, after all, just what we would wish to believe of her.

In any case, she was not far off, for in

Anderson, Photo.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

answer to the call of good Saint George, she came to him gratefully, and he showed her the dreadful beast, with his gigantic head like a crocodile, and his brazen scales, and his teeth and claws like iron. And he bade her touch him and see that he was weak and harmless, and that even his pestilential breath was robbed of its poison. So great is the power of good over evil.

Then the rich girdle of the little princess was put to a most unheard-of use, for the knight bound it about the great dragon, and, giving one end of the girdle to Cleodolinda, bade her lead him to the city. Meekly and sweetly she had gone out to him, that he might devour her; and meekly and sweetly she led the huge, but powerless creature over the wide plain he had made waste, and over the whitening bones of the children he had so cruelly slain.

The watchman who waited in the highest tower of the city beheld them first, and the tidings flew fast from one to another. But

who shall tell the amazement of the people as this strange company drew in sight? A gallant knight, battle-worn and spent indeed, as we may well suppose after his terrific encounter, but still so fair that in all their city there was none to match him; a lofty milk-white horse, with wise, kind eyes; and oh, wonder of wonders! the vile and monstrous beast following like a lamb the leading of their own sweet princess.

And when they shrank in terror from the approach of the conquered dragon, believing the knight and maiden to be something more than mortal, Saint George called to them with a loud voice, "Fear nothing! only believe in the God through whose might I have overpowered this adversary, and be baptized, and I will destroy him before your eyes."

Then the gates of the city were thrown open, and the people thronged forth upon the plain to behold the victorious man. And the king and his aged councillors, and the nobles of the realm appeared in solemn procession,

and invited their deliverer to declare his faith unto the people.

And Saint George did so, and twenty thousand were baptized that day; after which the knight rid the land of its foul curse, and destroyed the dragon before their eyes.

When Saint George entered the city, the people went before, shouting their songs of victory, and the trumpets and clarions made joyful music. Thus they brought him to the palace, where the choicest treasures of the kingdom were laid at his feet, — ivory and gold and precious stones. And the king besought the knight to tarry in the land, and to be even as his own son, and to rule over the city he had rescued. But this Saint George could by no means do.

He waited only to refresh his weary limbs, and to distribute to the poor the rich gifts the king had bestowed upon him, and then

> "Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
> As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit,"

he bade them adieu, and rode forth from their

midst, and went on his way toward Palestine.

The years rolled on, filled with princely achievement and knightly deeds too many to tell, until we come to the strange adventure of the Golden Fountain.

It was early spring-time when Saint George, in company with six other knights of fair renown, set out upon a holy pilgrimage.

They left their splendid horses standing in the stalls, and forgot for a while their flashing armor and nodding plumes, their spears and shields, and all the brave belongings of their knighthood.

Their journey must be a very hard one, and any attempt to make it easy would be only to rob it of all its glory. So they clothed themselves in garments dark and coarse, and bared their feet to the torments of burning sand and pricking briers and mountain crag. Each carried in his hand a staff of wood, tipped at the end with a strong sharp pike of steel, and on the breast of each there hung a

blood-red cross, to signify that he was a Christian pilgrim journeying toward Jerusalem.

And after they had journeyed for many a weary day, over desert and wilderness and mountain, they came at length to a fair and fruitful country, and in its midst a sumptuous city.

There dwelt a certain rich Jew in this bounteous land, a man who spent his vast wealth chiefly to succor travellers and way-worn pilgrims, and to him the tired knights straightway repaired, and took up their abode with him.

His house was built of blue stone, supported by many lofty pillars of purest marble, and the broad gates stood open day and night, in token of untiring hospitality. And when the Christian pilgrims had presented themselves, they were conducted with friendliest care to a grand and curious chamber, wherein they might rest, garnished with as many windows as there are days in the year, and its walls painted with as many stories as there

have been years since the creation of the world.

The courteous Jew had seven sons, brave and comely; and they, with their father, gave great pleasure to the Christian pilgrims by showing them the curiosities of their home, and the beauties of the country in which they sojourned. And when the twilight came the Jew's children soothed the ears of the weary knights with delicate music, drawn gently from ivory lutes, until they forgot the whirling sands and the craggy mountains, and all the hardship of their toilsome way, and fell into peaceful sleep.

Thus some days passed, and the Jew grew ever more sensible that his guests were no common travellers, but men of martial deeds, and fit for all knightly adventure.

And as he walked with them one evening he told them the story of his life, and why he had so separated himself from the world and its pleasures. He stood in their midst with his head bared, while his silver hair floated

about his shoulders as soft as the down of thistles.

And when he had charged them with being invincible knights, he told them how in former years he had owned a fountain of strange and precious virtue, whose waters held the property of changing brass and copper and iron and lead into purest gold, of changing stones into silver, and all kinds of earth into useful metal.

And it was known by the name of the Golden Fountain, the fame whereof spread far and wide; and armed knights came from distant lands to prove its virtues, and to try by force to get possession of the priceless waters.

In these days of great prosperity the Jew was happy in the companionship of one-and-twenty sons, all men of hardy courage, who defended the fountain from many and great assailants; insomuch that the story of their valor was told with the riches of the waters, and both ran through many strange countries.

At length it came to the ears of a furious

giant who dwelt upon the borders of Arabia, and he came thither, clad in a steel coat, and bearing a mighty bar of iron, and he bore down upon the brave defenders like a dreadful Heracles, and when he had overthrown fourteen of them, he made conquest of the wealthy fountain.

Then the Jew told how since that time he had lived a lonely life, with his seven remaining sons for his sole comfort, spending his wealth in the relief of travelling knights and weary pilgrims, and evermore hoping for the coming of some worthy champions who should avenge his cause, and restore to him the source of his riches.

The seven knights listened with deep interest to the discourse of the venerable Jew, and when he had finished, they begged to acknowledge his extraordinary kindness to themselves by undertaking so worthy an adventure. Saint George spake first to his courteous host.

"Be comforted, kind old man; for I hope

we were directed hither to punish this wicked giant, to repair the injuries offered to thine age, and to restore to thee that admirable fountain." Then, turning to his companions, he smilingly addressed them thus: —

"Let us courageously attempt this rare adventure, that we may recover right to the wronged, and punish rightfully the wrong-doer; and since under every humble robe there is throbbing the heart of knighthood; and since the soul of each of you is all athirst for honor, we will be the more careful that no contention arise among us who shall be first. Let therefore lots be cast, and upon whomsoever the chief lot falleth, let him be foremost in assailing this cruel giant."

At once the champions cast aside their pilgrim dress, and put on splendid apparel, which the Jew provided, fitted to their worldly state. In the place of wooden staves they wielded again proud blades of steel, and the feet which had so lately bled in painful pilgrimage were once more booted

and spurred in readiness to mount the lofty stirrup.

As they proposed to assail the giant singly, each knight to try his own fortune, the lots were therefore cast which should begin the adventure; and the lot fell first to Saint Denis, the champion of France, who rejoiced greatly, and departed to make all things ready.

And when the next day's sun was risen, Saint Denis appeared before his comrades, clothed in costly armor, and mounted upon an iron-gray steed, and after he had taken leave of them, the Jew directed him to where the giant might be found, and so he departed on his journey. At noon he came within sight of the giant, and beheld him sitting upon a block of steel in front of the precious fountain, satisfying his hunger with flesh, and quenching his thirst with new wine.

Saint Denis was filled with amazement at his dreadful size, and for a moment he questioned with himself whether he should turn while he might, and with dishonor rejoin his

fellow-knights. For one moment he doubted, and the next he spurred his horse, and bore down furiously upon his foe.

The strokes of his sword sounded like great blows upon an anvil, but the proud giant held them too lightly to even arise from the place where he sat, and regarded the French champion with careless ease, as he laid about him with determined valor.

But suddenly he remembered a strange dream he had had a little time before, which revealed to him how a certain knight would come from a northern clime, and would vanquish him by his single might, and would force from his possession the Golden Fountain. Then the giant looked at Saint Denis with curious interest, and, suddenly starting up with a grim smile, he ran upon the knight, and, taking him under his arm, man and horse, he thrust them into a cavern near the fountain, in a valley between two great mountains. And behold! in this same prison Saint Denis found fourteen other knights, the long-mourned sons of the friendly Jew.

And now the darkness came on, and the six champions, who had all day waited confidently for the victorious return of Saint Denis, at last began to yield their hope. Was he slain, or was he captive in the hands of the ruthless giant?

Sadly they drew together, and again the lots were cast, with greater fervor than before, since the fate of the French knight fell heavily upon the score they had to settle.

Saint James, the noble champion of Spain, received the lot, and his heart beat more loftily than if he had been declared king of a peaceful realm.

The next morning, at break of day, he arrayed himself, as Saint Denis had done, in rich and trusty armor, and chose for himself a horse both proud and swift. Above his brow there nodded a spangled plume, and on his breast he wore the arms of Spain. He looked indeed a knight invincible, as he bade his friends adieu, and rode forth upon his errand.

Alas! at his first encounter with the giant he was overcome, and carried to the rock to join Saint Denis.

When the darkness again fell, and Saint James came not, the five remaining knights cast lots the third time, and the lot was declared to the noble champion of Italy, Saint Anthony, who on the morrow arose early, and donned a shining armor, and mounted a gallant steed, and in a manner befitting the champion of Italy, set out to meet the giant.

Again the long day closed heavily; again the valiant knight returned not, and again, for the fourth time, the lots were cast.

Saint Andrew of Scotland rejoiced that the lot now fell to him, and he waited impatiently for the dawning of the day, that he might go out to battle with the giant.

All splendid in martial array, he bade his companions adieu, and through many tedious hours they waited for him, and waited vainly.

And when night came again, the three re-

maiñing knights looked sadly one upon the other, and the fifth lot fell to Saint Patrick of Ireland.

When the giant beheld Saint Patrick standing before him in the brilliant morning light, his courage wavered, so grand was his state, and so valiant was his bearing.

"Here, indeed, is the knight of my dream," thought the furious giant, and straightway he rushed upon the Irish knight with dreadful force, and compelled him to submit, and Saint Patrick also was thrust into the cavern to join the rest.

And now were left in the Jew's dwelling but two knights out of all that goodly company of seven.

The next lot fell to Saint David, champion of Wales, and kinsman of the great King Arthur. For the old tales tell us that Saint David, sometime Archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk, was uncle to the blameless king.

Well might he be brave, and brave he was; for the sorrowful fate of his comrades daunted

him not, and at the break of day he set forth upon his journey.

The first rays of the morning sun found him, all glittering in silver armor, before the fatal fountain. Then came a long and desperate combat, and though Saint David deported himself with princely valor, he was forced at last to yield himself to the giant's mercy.

Again the evening shadows gathered, and they who waited for the prancing steed and his gallant rider waited as vainly as before.

There was no lot to cast. Saint George alone remained to do battle with the giant.

The fate of his six brave comrades lay sorely on his heart, and he withdrew early from the companionship of his friendly host, to spend the night in urging his strength and valor to their extremest height.

Again for the fair fame of England, and for the honor of Christendom, he fought through fields of blood, again in the land of Egypt he slew the burning dragon, and again he con-

quered the terrible giant of the enchanted castle.

And should he now be vanquished by this wicked monster? And should the fate of his beloved comrades and the deep wrongs of his friendly host go thus unpunished? What then of those Christian ladies and Christian knights who spake him fair; and what, too, of those who should speak his name in time to come? Should it be said that when the last hope rested with Saint George his arm proved false?

When the dawn revealed his face it was fierce and bold, and he pledged himself to himself, by the honor of his golden garter, to return a conqueror that day, or to die valiantly.

Then he arose and went to the armory of his courteous host, and chose therefrom a corselet as black as night, and above his brow he placed a nodding plume in color like a flame of fire; and for arms he chose no lance, but a javelin made of steel, the one end

sharpened like a needle's point, at the other end a ball of iron, in fashion like a mace or club.

Then he mounted a tall black horse, swift and strong, and fitted with blood-red housings in token of a tragical adventure.

Being now arrayed according to his wishes, he paused to take leave of the Jew and his sons. All dressed in mourning garments, they stood with sad countenances to wait his going. Saint George would fain have cheered them; and he bade them cherish a good hope of his return at evening.

But they refused to be comforted, and were able to think only of the six evenings in which they had met disappointment, and of the pity that now this fairest, goodliest knight of all the seven must meet a cruel end. So they held their rueful faces to the last, and Saint George rode forth gallantly from their midst.

The giant sat upon his block of steel in his familiar place before the fountain. His eyes were closed carelessly as if he slumbered,

and the bad dream of the single champion who was to vanquish him troubled him no longer.

He thought, instead, upon the six bright and shining knights who for six mornings had assailed him in single combat, and who now pined at his mercy in the gloomy cavern.

Unseen by the giant, Saint George reined in his steed and marked him well.

The hair of his head stood upright, like the bristles of a wild boar; his teeth were long and sharp, and he had drawn over his cruel hands a pair of iron gloves. His limbs were huge and strong, like the body of some mighty oak, his coat of steel flashed in the morning sun, and beside him lay his great iron mace.

Saint George alighted from his horse, and when he had drawn near he shouted with a loud voice: "Arise, and deliver to me the captive knights whom thou hast taken, and the fountain of precious water at thy feet which thou wrongfully holdest, or make haste

to defend thyself from my weapon, which is death prepared!"

At these words the giant started up, blinded with rage, and without making reply, he grasped his great iron mace fast in both hands, and aimed at Saint George a dreadful blow, which the English champion skilfully avoided, and returned upon his adversary a mighty thrust with the sharp end of his javelin. And they strove until the sun had marked high noon, when the giant slipped and fell to the earth, which Saint George perceiving, he turned quickly the ball end of his massy javelin, and struck the giant's head violently until he died.

This being done, Saint George began a diligent search up and down the valley, for the hollow rock he hoped to find, where perchance his comrades might still be languishing in life.

And when he had found it, he smote its strong fastenings aside, and the glad light of day streamed into the loathsome prison.

And presently the six champions heard the voice of Saint George as he shouted to them from the blessed sunshine; and they called to the fourteen sons of the venerable Jew; and who shall tell the joy and surprise of Saint George as this goodly company of twenty forthwith came out?

The sun sank low in the western sky, and the kind Jew and his seven sons sat within their dwelling wrapped in deepest gloom, when suddenly outside the untiring open gates there arose strange sounds of triumph, the tramp of horses' feet, and the rush of many voices glad with victory.

And for a space the Jew would not believe the truth of this wonderful arrival, but when his eyes had proven to him that there indeed were his fourteen long-mourned sons, and the seven gallant champions, his guests, his joy became so great that he fell into a swoon.

But he was soon restored to his strength, and all the fair knights entered the gates and passed into the house.

And they were presently unarmed, and their wounds washed with rose-water and new milk, and fragrant baths were prepared and fine linen raiment and sumptuous robes.

Then a rich banquet was spread, and while they feasted, they wanted not for music,—sweet sonnets in praise of the great Saint George, and happy songs of deliverance for all.

Thus, for thirty days longer, Saint George and his six companions sojourned with the Jew, to rejoice with him in the possession of all his former state. At the close of this time they laid aside their beautiful garments, and donned once more their pilgrim dress, and with friendly adieus, departed on their journey to Jerusalem.

And now we shall have another story of Saint George, a little farther on, for there are many more of them, all wild and glowing with romance, and leading down at last to a triumphant death at the hands of cruel persecutors.

Saint George's Day, April 23.

Saint George's flower is the Harebell.

Saint David

Saint David

SAINT DAVID, the patron saint of Wales, was of princely birth, and is already known to us through the gallant part he bore in the adventure of the Golden Fountain.

But we hear of him also as a priest and an ascetic, living a life of extreme abstinence; eating no meat, and drinking no wine, and growing at last to be a famous archbishop, and the founder of twelve great monasteries.

It is related of Saint David, that after building the church of Glastonbury he journeyed to Bath, and, finding the waters of that place unwholesome, he restored them to purity, and by his benediction bestowed upon them rare virtues, and the heat they still retain.

Perhaps the most wonderful story of all that remain of Saint David, is the one I have selected to tell you, of

> "How the Knight
> Of Wales, in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
> Slept the long sleep."

Once upon a time, the Emperor of Tartary ordained to be held, in honor of his own birthday, a splendid tournament, and commanded to appear before him the bravest and hardiest knights in all the borders of his realm.

And when it was told the Emperor that a certain Christian knight was travelling through his dominion, a stranger from a distant land, right noble in his bearing, and of goodly fame, the Emperor straightway sent messengers to overtake the stranger knight, and to return with him to the court. And they did so, and Saint David was received with royal honors, for Saint David he proved to be.

When the day appointed for the tournament was come, and all the brilliant company were assembled, Saint David was declared the champion for the Emperor; and at the sound of the trumpet was conducted forth, clad in silver armor and mounted upon a milk-white steed, and on his shield he bore the arms of ancient Britain.

Again the heralds' trumpet sounded, and now appeared in dazzling splendor the Count Palatine, who was to enter the lists against the stranger knight.

A train of noble lords attended him, for he was the Emperor's only son, and the fair hope of the Tartar realm. Three times the gallant company rode round, and then departed, leaving alone upon the field the Tartar prince, and David of Wales, to await the signal for the onset.

Silent they stood, with shield and spear, until the sign was given; then, rushing together with dreadful force, each gave and received most valiantly.

And now Saint David is borne backward, and while it seems that he must surely fall, the ready trumpets start the note of victory for the prince.

But too soon, too soon, for Saint David recovers himself, and, bearing down violently against the prince, he overthrows both horse and rider. There was a murmur of great dismay when the Count Palatine arose not; and as his lifeless body was carried from the field, unconquered knights by scores pressed forward to do battle with Saint David.

But the stricken Emperor commanded the lists to be broken up, and the Christian knight to receive due honor for his sad victory, and then withdrew to sorrow over his great bereavement.

As the days wore on the soul of the Tartar Emperor grew ever more bitter against Saint David, and though by the law of arms he could not reproach him, since the Count Palatine had fallen in a fair contest, still he

meditated with deep purpose to Saint David's hurt.

And when he had planned a certain cruel errand for the Christian knight, he caused him to be brought into the royal presence, and delivered to him this grievous task : that he should travel westward beyond Tartary, until he came to an enchanted garden, where dwelt the wicked magician Ormandine, and that he should afterward return to Tartary, bearing with him the head of Ormandine. And the Emperor promised the knight rich gifts, when he should come back in triumph, but in his heart he believed the knight would never come.

Saint David accepted the quest with cheerful countenance, and thus replied : —

"Most magnificent sovereign, were the task you deliver me as weary as the enterprise of Jason, yet would I attempt it. But know, O mighty Emperor, the noble deeds of my order are not done for gold, nor are we trained to take account of weariness."

And when he had pledged himself by the honor of his knighthood, and by the love he bore his native land, to know no other work until he had performed what the Emperor commanded, he set forth straightway upon his journey.

Over rolling hills and fruitful valleys, over craggy mountains and blinding desert wastes, the knight toiled on his lonely way; bearing ever toward the rosy sunset, and shaping his course by the smiling stars that blessed him while he slept.

At last, one day, he saw before him, in the light of the setting sun, a most strange sight, and knew that he had reached his journey's end.

For behold a vast enclosure planted about with a hedge of withered thorn, through the sharp briers of which there darted continually tongues of flame.

And upon the top of the hedge were gathered strange and sombre creatures, — owls gazing forth steadily with wise, unwinking

eyes, and ravens pacing the burning briers with stately unconcern, and bats flapping their wings gloomily as they moved uneasily from place to place, and many winged beasts beside, known and unknown, too many to think or tell.

And the heart of the knight sank within him, as he walked about the thorny wall, seeking fearfully an entrance to this fatal garden. For a long time he sought, but found no way, until at length, overcome by exhaustion, he threw himself upon the ground for sleep.

And while he slumbered the ravens called to him unceasingly, "Beware, beware!" and mingled their hoarse warnings with all his dreams.

But when the night was gone, and the sun shone brightly over the land, Saint David arose, and took fresh courage, for he remembered the doubt and danger, and distress and battles, through which he had already come without dishonor, and he said to himself stoutly,

"If it be indeed good that I enter this fatal garden, and rid the earth of the wicked Ormandine, as the Emperor commanded, surely I must yet find a way." And he walked again before the wall, which now looked less fearful than in the dusk of the evening before.

And when he had walked until high noon, he came upon the garden gate, where the hot hedge divided broadly, leaving a safe and pleasant passage.

And before the gate there lay a great flat stone, overgrown with ivy and hoary moss.

And the knight set foot upon the stone to enter, but paused as his eyes caught the sparkle of jewels where he was about to tread.

Then David stooped curiously, and saw, half buried in moss and ivy, the jewelled hilt of a sword. The hilt only could he see, for all the wondrous blade of the sword was sheathed fast in the solid rock.

And as the knight parted the rank growth

carefully, that he might see more clearly the priceless treasure, he discovered graven letters upon the gold, which, after thoughtful study, he read thus,—

> "My magic spells remain most firmly bound,
> Till that a knight within the North be found,
> To pull this sword from out this rock of stone."

Saint David at once supposed himself to be the very Northern knight to whom the sword must yield, and without misgiving he stretched forth his hand and grasped the rich hilt strongly.

But no sooner had he grasped it than his eyelids fell softly; his cares and his fears floated forth from his soul on wings of down, and he sank upon the rock in dreamless sleep.

Unhappy knight! Who now shall break the spell of wicked Ormandine?

The magician was in his garden, and knew of course all the movements of Saint David, and when his charm had taken due effect.

And he sent out from the enchanted garden four airy spirits trained to do his bidding, who cast themselves into the likeness of four beautiful damsels, and who wrapped about the slumbering knight a coverlet of softest silk, in color yellow as the sun, and bore him to the very centre of the garden, and laid him in a grotto.

And year after year he slept, lulled by the music of the trickling water, and by the low, sweet songs the spirits sang.

Now, when seven years were fully spent, it chanced Saint George was travelling through many countries, upon a quest he knew not, and by a way he had never gone.

On and on he journeyed, through Greece, and through Phrygia, and along the Red Sea shore, and he crossed the dreary deserts of Arabia, and from thence through the Persian land.

The weeks became months, but still he journeyed, and sometimes very wearily too, since he knew not what he sought.

And when he had passed near unto the borders of the Tartar realm, he suddenly came one day upon the garden of the wicked Ormandine, and beheld with great surprise its vast extent, its wall of burning thorn, and the multitude of weird, strange creatures which sat upon the top, — the owls, the ravens, and the bats, and all the other sombre birds and winged beasts unknown to eye and ear.

And Saint George straightway dismounted, and began most diligent search for some passage through the flaming hedge.

And it happened to him as it had happened to Saint David.

He found the garden gate, and stepped upon the great flat rock, and caught the sparkle of the jewels at his feet, and parted the ivy and the moss from the priceless hilt, and read the inscription engraven upon the gold.

And Saint George thought just as Saint David had done, "Lo, I am the Northern knight to whom the sword must yield;" and

he stretched forth his hand and grasped it with a mighty grasp.

What then?

Did he too slumber?

Oh, no, since he was indeed the knight to whom the sword must yield.

The rock parted, and the obedient steel came forth, and Saint George gazed with delighted wonder upon the perfect blade, and tried its temper with the practised skill of a gallant knight.

And while he examined more closely the curious setting of the jewelled hilt, he was amazed by the heavy roll of thunder, though the sky was fair and cloudless. The gate of the enchanted garden flew open, and forth came the wicked Ormandine, all pale and terrified, and approached Saint George, and bowed before him humbly. And the knight charged the magician with evil dealings, which Ormandine denied not, but answered mournfully, his power was now fast vanishing, and the end was near at hand.

Then he led the way through the wondrous beauties of his garden, the English knight following, until they reached the centre, and entered the grotto, where the Knight of Wales still slumbered, wrapped in the golden sheet.

And Saint George, beholding his friend, would have awakened him, but could not.

And when he perceived it was the sleep of enchantment, he besought the wicked Ormandine to break the spell, and restore Saint David to his reason.

But the magician answered, that though he had indeed wrought the charm, he was now unable to undo it. And again he said sadly, and with a pale countenance, that his power was fast vanishing, and the end near at hand.

Even while he spoke Saint George heard the heavy rolling sound of thunder, and beheld the ground and the lofty trees laboring, as in great distress, while Ormandine, growing paler and paler, at last sank lifeless

to the earth, and the enchanted garden vanished from the land.

And now Saint David arose from his seven years' sleep, as one who arises from the rest of a single night; but who shall tell his amazement when he saw before him the gallant Saint George, and at his feet the lifeless body of wicked Ormandine?

And when the knights had affectionately embraced, and given solemn thanks for their deliverance, Saint George said joyously:

"Now will we go hence, and refresh ourselves for a time in a Christian land, for truly this hath been a long and wearisome adventure."

But Saint David, being bound by his promise to the Tartar Emperor, to deliver to him the head of Ormandine, had yet hard work to do.

So he took the head of Ormandine, and the beautiful magic sword, and started back on his toilsome journey to the Tartar court.

And for several days the knights travelled

in company, and then, with a happy hope to meet again, they separated and went their different ways.

Saint David's Day, March 1st.

The Leek is dedicated to Saint David.

Saint Denis

Saint Denis

THE legends of Saint Denis which make him one and the same with Dionysius, a certain wise Athenian, who was converted to Christianity through the preaching of Saint Paul, the great apostle, are, like many other legends, not meant to be inquired into.

But we shall wish to know that Saint Denis was Bishop of Paris in the third century, that he became the patron saint of France, and his name the war-cry of the French armies.

The old proud standard of France, the oriflamme, was consecrated upon his tomb, — a famous banner of which you will hear more when you read the stories of French conquest.

The most familiar pictures of Saint Denis are those in which he appears dressed in the rich robes of the church, and bearing his own head in his hands.

And though this picture commemorates a certain sad walk to the Mount of Martyrs, it has for us another very plain meaning, since it signifies his willingness to offer his glorious head, and if his head, then of course his life, in defence of his Christian faith; and this he was indeed called upon to do.

Two hundred years ago when it was still somewhat easy to invent tales of magic spells and strange enchantment, a certain fable was related of Saint Denis, by an old story-teller, who held it a fine point of honor to linger with his readers until all things should come to a fair ending.

The old story-teller was quite right too, since this is after all the inevitable ending in real life, as we shall find when our eyes grow clear enough to see what real life is.

The story relates how Saint Denis, once upon his travels, became spell-bound in a desolate land, from which there seemed no way of escape; and in which he wandered up and down, with no other food than herbs and such fruit as grew upon the trees about him, and no companionship save that of his faithful horse.

It chanced one day, as he roamed wearily through the endless wilderness, he came upon a tree rich with purple fruit, and he rested in its shadow, and plucked the fruit and ate plentifully.

It was a fatal repast for brave Saint Denis, since the berries grew upon an enchanted tree, and their property was to change his human body into the image and likeness of a timid hart.

Mirrored in a crystal pool, Saint Denis beheld this wondrous change: how his body which was erect and tall and smooth, now bent to the earth upon four feet, all clothed in rough and dusky hair; how his noble

head, accustomed to a helmet of steel and nodding plumes, now carried a pair of sylvan horns; and how the proud and reasonable eyes of the knight had changed into the soft and timorous gaze of the deer.

At once Saint Denis ascribed this unhappy state to the fruit he had lately eaten, and going back to the enchanted tree, he threw himself upon the ground beneath its spreading branches and gave himself up to bitter complaint.

After remaining for a long time thus, he was startled by what seemed to be a human groan proceeding from the tree beside him.

Lifting his head from the cool grass he listened intently, and now he heard no groan, but a deep, deep sigh, and after that a gentle voice which spoke to him from the very centre of the tree's great trunk.

"Cease to lament, thou famous man of France
With gentle ear come listen to my moan,
In former times it was my fatal chance
To be the proudest maiden ever known,
By birth I was the daughter of a king,
Though now a breathless tree and senseless thing.

"Seven years in shape of hart thou must remain,
And then the purple rose of heaven's decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape again
And end at last thy woful misery,
When this is done be sure you cut in twain
This fatal tree wherein I do remain."

The voice was that of proud Eglantine, doomed for her pride to yet seven years' imprisonment in a hollow tree, if so be, when those years were numbered, this poor dumb hart regained the shape of man to set her free.

The knight waited long for her to speak again. But Eglantine spoke not, and the days wore on into weeks and months.

"He counted the time by the summer's sun, and by the winter's rain, which washed him with showers from heaven, and by the flowers of the field as they came and went;" and sometimes in the sandy ground he would print with his foot all the prophetic words unhappy Eglantine had whispered.

And never once did his trusty horse forsake him, but with all love and diligence attended upon him day and night.

At last a day came when the seven years had closed, and the good horse left the hart sleeping at the foot of the enchanted tree, and wandered away and climbed a steep high mountain; and when he found roses growing thereon, the wise horse plucked a branch laden with rich blossoms, and carried them to his master between his teeth.

No sooner did Saint Denis behold the roses, than he remembered that by a purple rose he should regain his shape. And he took the roses, wine-perfumed, glowing, beautiful, and ate them gratefully, and fell into dreamless sleep.

For four and twenty hours he slumbered, and for four and twenty hours the rain fell fast, washing away the hairy coat, the branching horns, and every woful trace of the knight's misfortune; and when the morning sun came up over the mountain top, he looked down on the figure of a valiant knight, asleep upon the ground, beneath the mulberry tree, and a great horse with head low drooping, holding patient watch.

By and by Saint Denis opened his eyes slowly, and stretched first one limb and then another, to make sure they were his very own, and then he sprang to his feet and gave joyful thanks for everything, blessing even the ground whereon he had lain in misery.

Calling his horse by name, and saluting him with the fond consideration due his faithful service, the knight beheld with sadness his tangled mane, and sable coat disfigured by neglect. And he stroked the good horse with both his hands, until the rich mane fell once more in glossy waves, and the hair of his body lay smooth as Arabian silk.

Then Saint Denis examined carefully his armor, his helmet and keen-edged falchion, and found them all bad enough, I dare say; and notwithstanding the ease with which people seemed to do hard things a great while ago, it took him a weary time to put his martial array into the shining condition befitting the gallant champion of France.

At last, with horse, and sword, and glitter-

ing corselet restored to their first and proper state, the knight stands musing beneath the enchanted tree.

Has he forgotten Eglantine?

O, not in the least; since he would be quite incapable of forgetting to give the help he might, to another in distress.

Perhaps then it is because he remembers her, that he stands thus wrapt in thought.

But now he grasps his blade of Spanish steel, and sweeps great glittering circles in the air to prove his mighty arm, and then,

> "Reverently deeming nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
> To be the guerdon of a daring heart,"

makes such a stroke at the root of the fatal tree, as at one blow to cut it quite asunder.

Up flashed a flame of fire, and after that rolled forth dense clouds of smoke; and when the smoke grew thin and vanishing, Eglantine came forth from the hollow tree, and stepped upon the smooth green sward, and stood with down-dropped eyes and sober grace.

"Sweet saint," said the knight when he could regain his speech, "whether thou art an angel descended from above, or a fairy of this fatal wood, or whether thou art indeed of mortal mould, condemned for grievous fault to penance in this hollow tree, I cannot judge. Of thy courtesy therefore I pray thee, unfold to me thy birth and name, and command me for thy faithful servant."

The lady told again the story of her pride, with lovely countenance from which the pride had fallen; and besought the knight to conduct her to her father's realm of Thessaly; for she was a king's daughter, and the king and his people had long since mourned her as dead.

Then Saint Denis vowed, after the manner of Christian knights, by the honor of his knighthood, and by his love for France, to guide the dear lady in safety to her father's realm.

And for days they journeyed, ever more drawing nearer the borders of the desolate

land for which Saint Denis had before so vainly sought.

At last one day at sunset hour, the knight and long-lost princess arrived at the palace gates, and were received with great wonder and gladness.

The king lifted his daughter from the horse whereon she sat, and folded her in his arms with deepest joy, and after that he gave rich welcome to the stranger knight.

The weary champion was relieved of his heavy armor, and his stiffened limbs bathed gently. And he was led to rest in a pleasant chamber, where burned a sweet-smelling fire made of juniper. And there was loud rejoicing throughout the palace, and the faithful horse was not forgotten.

When the knight again beheld the dear lady whom he had rescued, she looked no longer like a wood-nymph in dress of green, but like a king's daughter indeed, clad softly in milk-white robes of Persian silk, and attended by a band of maidens.

Happy and fair and good were these maidens who waited about the steps of Princess Eglantine; but happiest, fairest and best of all was Eglantine herself.

And the brave Saint Denis gave heed to her pleading, and lingered at the king's court in joyful rest until the time came for him to go forth to new adventure.

Saint Denis' Day, 9th of October. Milky Agaric, dedicated to Saint Denis.

Saint Patrick

Saint Patrick

SAINT PATRICK is the patron Saint of Ireland, and almost all American children who live in cities are familiar with the observance of his day.

The warm-hearted Irish emigrant may have but little else he can transplant to his new home over the sea, but he can at least carry with him his love for Saint Patrick, and can remember when his day comes round to march out in the sunshine with music and banners to do him public honor.

A memory such as this, which bases its claim first of all on pure goodness, is a rich possession for human hearts to hold.

Sometime, perhaps, you will have a saint's day of your own. Very many of us have;

the birthday, or, it may be, the deathday of some blameless patient life we are deeply blest in remembering. It would be indeed discouraging were we taught to believe that the saints of the world all lived and died while the world was young.

But we are not. We know instead that they have grown too many for their record to be longer kept in churchly calendars, and that all over the land are scattered men and women, whose lives are so brave and pure and unselfish and sweet, that we might well write saint before their unknown names.

Saint Patrick was the son of Christian parents, and was a nephew, we are told, of Saint Martin, of Tours.

In his boyhood he was made captive, and sold into slavery in Ireland, and tended the herds of his master.

And when the sad time of his captivity was ended, he was restored to his father's

house. But these years had made a very deep impression upon Saint Patrick, and he thought continually, with great grief, upon the ignorant condition of the Irish heathen whom he had been compelled to serve.

At length, one night, he had a vivid dream which quite decided his future course.

A man of beautiful countenance and graceful dress appeared before him, holding in his hand an open letter; and Saint Patrick read written there, "This is the voice of the Irish people."

And while he read, his ears were filled with the sound of many voices, as of children, crying to him loudly, "O, Patrick, come to us." And the man who was so fair of face explained to Patrick that these were the cries of multitudes of children of times to come.

Then Patrick's heart grew sore with grief, and his eyes dim with tears, so he could no longer see to read the letter which was held out to him, and he awoke.

Without delay he began to prepare himself to answer the cries he had heard in his dream, and for eighteen years received instruction from the pious Bishop Germanus, in the lessons he hoped one day to teach.

After this he remained for a time with his uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, and at his hands took the habit of a monk.

When many more years of careful study and holy living were passed, he journeyed to Rome, where he was consecrated Bishop, and was charged with the conversion of the Irish people, in the place of Palladius, who had lately died in Britain.

And now the boy whom we first found tending the herds of an Irish master, in sorrowful captivity, sets out again for Ireland, a grave and thoughtful man, carrying with him books, and priestly vestments, and great learning, and a loving heart, which is best of all.

It was in the fifth year of the reign of King Laeghaire that Patrick landed in Ireland, or Erin, as the old tales call the land.

Now, Laeghaire dwelt in Tara, in the county of Meath, the capital of the island, and the royal seat of Ireland's monarchs. He was a pagan, fierce and cruel, and lived in the midst of a people as fierce and cruel as himself. The religion they practised was one of strange and dreadful rites, which, though it held them strongly in superstitious awe, could do nothing to quiet their turbulent lives, or teach them the ways of mercy and brotherly love; for the druids and enchanters who served them for priests could by no means instruct the people in the precious truths they themselves had never learned.

King Laeghaire had great faith in the enchanters and pagan seers who prophesied before him from time to time, and he had very often to listen to a certain story of how a mighty man should come across the sea, and should bring with him unknown laws, and should work with great power among the people. And the words of the prophecy ran thus:—

"And one shall come across the stormy sea, his garment head-pierced, his staff head-bent, his altar in the East of his house; his people all shall answer Amen, Amen."

Then the prophecy went on to declare that when these signs were fulfilled, paganism must vanish, and faith and belief be magnified.

The king and his court would listen very attentively to these prophetic tales, but they could not understand them, and neither of course could the Pagan seers; and so it came that the landing of Saint Patrick was unknown to the people who had long been taught to expect his coming.

At Easter-tide Saint Patrick reached Magh Bregh, and here he determined to keep the Easter solemnities, and here at night he built his Easter fire.

It chanced at this time that a great heathen festival was to be held at Tara, to which many princes and chieftains had gathered; and the druid priests and enchanters were there also.

On the evening before the feast it was commanded, according to custom, that the fire upon every hearth should be extinguished, and that the fire of Tara should be the first one lighted in the morning.

It was a most strict command, and neither gold nor silver could save the life of the man who dared to disobey it.

When, therefore, the people of Tara saw at a distance the fire which Patrick had lighted on Easter even, they reported it to the king, who was very angry, and demanded of his magicians who had done this thing.

The light from the dancing flames rose higher and higher, and the druids answered the king, trembling: "We see the fire, and we know the night in which it is made," and they said unless the fire were put out before morning, he who made it should surpass King Laeghaire in power.

Then the king commanded his horses to be yoked to his chariot, that he might go himself to the spot where Patrick had en-

camped; but the magicians warned him that he should not go into the stranger's presence, but that when he had drawn near he should bid the foreign prophet come to him.

And when he had journeyed by the light of Patrick's fire almost to the place where Patrick had encamped, he sent his message to the saint, who permitted himself to be bidden forth, and for some time argued with King Laeghaire. The king grew very angry presently, and told his people to slay Saint Patrick. But before they could obey the wicked command, a violent tempest arose. The horses ran over the plains in fright; the chariots were swept away and destroyed, and the people, confused with terror, turned upon each other fiercely, and after struggle and bloodshed, they too fled; and only Laeghaire and his queen and one other remained of all who came.

Then the king made a false vow to Patrick, and professed to believe in his teachings, and invited him to come to Tara, — a most treach-

erous invitation, since Laeghaire had men placed in ambush to surprise him on his way, and to take his life.

But the great missionary arrived safely in spite of their cruel plans, and found a vast company keeping the feast, with banqueting and much talk of the happenings of the day before.

And a certain druid named Luchat Mael offered Patrick a poisoned goblet from which to drink; but he turned the goblet upside down, and the poison separated from the rest of the liquid and fell to the ground, to the surprise of all who were gathered round. Then the druids and enchanters asked Patrick to work miracles before them, but he would not, only so far as to undo the miracles they themselves did, which seemed after all to answer very well the wishes of the people.

At last the chief druid, Luchat Mael, insisted that they should have a test by fire, which resulted in the burning to death of

Luchat Mael, — and from this point the story goes forward in a most direct and earnest way.

Famous as are the halls of Tara in song and in story, they had never before witnessed anything half so important as the fervent efforts which Saint Patrick now put forth to convert the king and his court to Christianity.

Laeghaire, worn and perplexed over the failure of his pagan priests, felt at last his heart stirred within him at the wondrous prospect Saint Patrick placed before him, as, overflowing with holiness and patience and daring and faith, the pious bishop labored on. The barriers melted away, the blessed light of truth broke in upon their darkness, and Laeghaire and many of the Irish chieftains assembled for the feast, declared themselves ready to embrace his teachings and to receive baptism.

And now it happened at Tara, just as it happens everywhere, when men are strongly held by some great cause, — they brought

the best they had to offer as gifts. Conall, the king's brother, gave land whereon to build a church, and Conda, another brother of the king, brought his beautiful baby-boy, and dedicated him to Christ's work in the world, and bestowed moreover the ninth part of all his wealth.

Up and down the island, year after year, did Saint Patrick travel and labor among the people, founding churches and establishing schools which became famous throughout Europe.

The pious women who wished to band themselves together in a religious sisterhood found him ready to assist them, and it is said that Saint Bridget, who established a nunnery at Kildare, received the nun's veil at his hands.

No hardship daunted, no difficulty discouraged him in the work he had set out to do for the souls he loved in this fair land, and after a while they loved him too, and have kept on loving and honoring him through

hundreds and hundreds of years, down to this very day and hour.

Saint Patrick's Day, 17th of March.

The Shamrock is dedicated to Saint Patrick.

Saint Bridget's Day, 1st of February.

The Bay is dedicated to Saint Bridget.

Saint Nicholas

Saint Nicholas

SANCTUS NICHOLAUS, *Der Heilige Nicolaus*, *San Niccolo*. Whether we read of him in English, Latin, German, Italian, or any other of the languages of Europe, the stories are always of one who greatly loved his fellow-men. Among the great patron saints of Christendom none is more universally sought, trusted, and beloved.

Sailors and travellers by land or water, merchants with great ventures at sea, and those who fear that robbers will despoil them of their treasures, all cast themselves upon the protection of Saint Nicholas.

Poor maidens seek for the aid and guidance of this tender-hearted and watchful saint, whose name is a synonym for generous giving.

As the patron of children and of school-boys

his popularity knows no end. Is he not the Santa Claus of the children, indeed, to be depended upon when the slowly circling year brings around again the joyous season of gift-giving? Very wise and discriminate giving is ascribed to Santa Claus, who demands that the children who expect his gifts must deserve them, by being good at home and at school.

Now the great patron saints of Christendom, as usually reckoned, are Saint George, also the glorious patron of knighthood and of England, whose story we have already told; Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian, the two sons of Theodora, who were wise physicians and spent their lives in relieving pain; Saint Sebastian the beautiful, and Saint Roch, both patron saints against plague and pestilence; Saint Christopher, whose legends are here told, and Saint Nicholas.

Saint Nicholas is the chief patron saint of Russia, and is held in supreme veneration at Venice, as well as along the entire eastern coast of Italy.

Soule Art Co., Photo.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT NICHOLAS

England alone has several hundred churches dedicated in honor of this great saint of the people. But few historical facts appear in connection with him, which leaves wide scope for noble tradition, and the upbuilding and maintenance of a character strong enough and lovable enough to serve as a perfect model to those who would emulate his virtues.

The legends with one accord declare Saint Nicholas to have been the filial son of rich parents, from whom he inherited vast wealth; and that he rejoiced their hearts, even in his childhood, by his acts of piety and loving-kindness.

Saint Nicholas, endowed with wonderful skill in knowing where those who most richly deserved his gifts might be found, became aware of the sorrow and perplexity of a certain nobleman of Panthera, who from having been a man of great wealth was reduced to sudden poverty.

As is usually the case, a family was involved, and in this instance it proved to be the three

beautiful daughters of the unfortunate nobleman, who were brought to the verge of starvation. When Saint Nicholas had resolved to relieve them, he pondered earnestly upon the best method of bestowing his gift upon those who were tasting for the first time of the sorrows of the poor, and at last determined to leave himself quite unknown in this benefaction.

The night was dark, and with a goodly purse of gold in his hand Saint Nicholas walked softly about outside the nobleman's gloomy abode, seeking for some open door or window through which he might silently pass his gift, and hasten away before the needed help should be discovered. At last the moon broke through the sullen clouds, and sent a soft ray of light across an open casement, and the saint let fall his treasure in the inside, where it dropped at the feet of the poor nobleman, who sat watching in despair for the breaking of another day.

And now there was bread and to spare ; and fires were lighted and lamps shone, and the

gloomy old house grew bright once more, a place for guests and for rejoicing. Suitors came, attracted by the grace and beauty of the three maidens, and the father portioned his eldest daughter for a happy marriage.

Time passed, the money was spent, and the vision of want again arose, when Nicholas with a purse of gold repaired to the troubled home. He knew where to cast it gently in at the open window, beside which the distressed father would surely be sitting; and it mattered not to him now that the night was dark, since the darkness concealed him and the good deed that he was doing.

As before, the gold dropped at the feet of the poor nobleman, who knew not where to turn for help; and once more there was bread in plenty, and the peace which plenty ought to bring. So the second daughter was beloved, and went out from her father's home into that of her husband, dowered as her father deemed right and befitting.

But when Nicholas attempted to give for the

third time the help which he felt was well bestowed, the grateful nobleman was watching for the generous, unknown friend who had rescued him from want, and recognized him and seized him by his robe.

"O Nicholas! Servant of God! Why seek to hide thyself?" he cried aloud.

And Nicholas smiled upon him, and they rejoiced together, for the nobleman was happy to learn the friend who had so generously relieved him of his sorrowful burden, and to express his gratitude. But Nicholas exacted from him a promise that this should remain a secret between themselves, and the nobleman of Panthera told no man.

In this touching story of an unknown giver and the grateful recipient lies the origin, it is said, of the Christmas stocking, and all the mysteries which attach to the gifts of Santa Claus. The purse of an olden time was long and ample, and the earliest stockings were not shapely, and either might contain a wonderful store of good fortune and delightful surprise.

The children of to-day know quite well that no gift is too good to hope for from the bountiful Santa Claus, whose gifts are still sweetly mysterious to the little boys and girls whose petitions are addressed to him.

In the fulness of time, and much to his surprise, the good and humble Saint Nicholas was consecrated Bishop of Myra, and he spent the remainder of his life in doing good, and was able even to work miracles for the help of those who called upon him in their distress. And these miracles continued to be wrought after his death.

A rich Christian merchant had one only and beloved son, who was stolen from him and carried away captive to a far distant pagan land. Because he was a gentle and comely youth the pagan king made him his cupbearer, and he stood in the king's presence and served him as well as he was able.

One day — it was the sixth day of December — the young captive wept as he filled the king's cup. And when in answer to the

king's inquiry why he shed tears, he had answered because it was Saint Nicholas' Day, the monarch became angry and said, "Great as is thy Saint Nicholas, he cannot save thee from my hand!" And before these words were fairly uttered a great storm arose, and as the palace rocked in the wind Saint Nicholas appeared before the king and his terrified court, and caught up the captive youth by the hair of his head, and bore him swiftly over land and sea, and set him down in the midst of his own family in his father's house. And the king's cup remained in his hand.

This was a miracle which served a double purpose, for at the moment in which Saint Nicholas restored the young man to his kindred his father was giving bread to the poor, and beseeching them to pray for the return of his beloved son.

In ancient times in England the choir boys in the Cathedral churches chose one of their own number to serve as bishop on Saint Nicholas' Day, and robed him with due ceremony,

and attended him in solemn procession, with chanting and singing, into the church, where the youthful bishop seated himself in the chair appointed for this high dignitary.

The honor accorded the boy bishop did not wholly expire with the single day of his authority; for it was enacted that if he should die within the month he should be buried with the pomp and ceremony befitting his office.

The tomb of one of these dear little churchmen, unfortunate enough to die soon after his pretty play of bishop, was discovered in Salisbury Cathedral, England, many years ago.

Saint Nicholas' Day is December 6th.

Nestflower Heath is dedicated to Saint Nicholas.

Saint Christopher

Saint Christopher

"Whoever shall behold the image of Saint Christopher,
On that day shall neither faint nor fail."

THIS strange text, and others much like it, used to be written on old pictures of a towering giant, so large and so strong that the mere sight of him brought fresh help to weak hearts and weary limbs.

And because the sight of Saint Christopher was so comforting in picture and in promise, men used to represent him, not only inside the walls of great buildings, but upon the outside too; and large enough to be seen plainly a long way off.

And the busy people of the streets would look up gratefully at his image as they passed, and would then hasten on, whispering softly, each one to himself, "To-day no harm can

come to me, for I have seen the good Saint Christopher."

OFFERO is the name by which Saint Christopher is first known to us, and since the great Goliath of Gath, no man had appeared like him for size and for strength.

He was very vain of his vast height and mighty limbs, but his poverty compelled him to be a servant, and his name Offero means the bearer.

"I will seek out the most powerful monarch in all the earth," said Offero, in his pride, "for only the greatest king shall command the service of the giant Offero."

There is a certain wise rule running through all the good old stories of giants, which insists that they must be rather dull; otherwise, it is very clear that the little people about them would stand a very poor chance indeed of getting along in the world.

Offero was no exception to this wise rule,

and was exceedingly good-natured beside, so we are quite ready to grow fond of him, and to be willing that he should gratify his simple pride by serving the greatest monarch upon all the earth.

And now we must fancy him upon his journey; roaming long and far, from kingdom to kingdom, and through many countries; stopping often to tell his errand to the people whom he met.

And some directed him to one court, and some to another, until, after many a disappointment, he at last reached a country whose king was said by all to be the most powerful king upon the whole earth.

When the great, good-natured Offero had told his story, the king was well pleased, and made him welcome, and gave him an honorable place near his royal person; and for a time Offero was quite happy in the thought that his tiresome search was ended: and he served his master faithfully and well.

But one day all this contentment changed

to trouble and unrest, when he saw the king grow pale and cross himself, each time the minstrels in their song repeated a certain name,— Satan,— which Offero had never before heard. At length he grew quite beside himself with excitement, and his great chest heaved with anger, and his mighty voice thundered down the hall in furious questioning:

"Who then is this Satan, O king, whose very name brings terror? Surely he is a greater than thou!"

Then the king turned pale again, and crossed himself without reply.

"Now will I leave thee," said Offero, with great firmness, "and I will seek out this Satan, though I travel far to find him, and him will I serve, for he is greater than thou." And Offero quitted the court in rage and set out to find Satan.

But this time he had not so far to travel.

For in crossing a certain wide plain, he saw coming toward him a large company of

people, marching with great pomp and flaming banners, and at their head rode the mighty monarch whom he sought, Satan the terrible. And Offero's simple heart was filled with delight to see the splendor of Satan's state, and he made haste to offer him his duty. And Satan made him very welcome, and promised that his service should be both easy and pleasant, and appointed a place for Offero among his followers.

Then the triumphant trumpets sounded, and the unnumbered host swept on, while the very trees trembled, and the sad earth groaned beneath their tread.

On and on they journeyed, by night and by day, and for a time Offero was well pleased to be one among so splendid a company.

Now it chanced one day as they journeyed, that they came to a certain place where four roads met, and there by the wayside was set up a cross of stone.

And when Satan saw the cross, he began to quake violently, and he would not draw near,

but turned, and fled a long way out of his course to avoid it. And Offero followed him in great wrath, and, when he was come up with Satan, he questioned him angrily.

"What then is this cross? Surely there must still be a greater than thou, else why shouldst thou fear?"

But for a time Satan would not speak.

"Except thou tellest me, I leave thee!" roared the giant, hot with disappointment and rage.

At last, Satan being compelled, made answer, "The cross is the sign of a mightier than I, and his name is Christ, and I fear lest He may overcome me."

Then Offero turned from following after Satan, and again he set out upon a toilsome search, and this time to seek for Christ.

And after he had wandered for many days he met a hermit, who lived in a little hut at the side of a forest, and far away from the travelled roads.

The hermit was quite different from the

other people with whom Offero had stopped to talk, and had a grave, sad face, and long gray beard, and his feet were bare.

When he walked he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground and his lips moving, and sometimes he would strike his breast with his hand. And sometimes he would read from a book which hung at his side, half-hidden in the folds of his coarse robe.

He was not in the least frightened when he saw the giant, but spoke to him kindly, and listened to his errand. And when he saw that Offero knew nothing whatever of the great Master for whom he sought, he began to teach him. But first he made him sit down in the pleasant shade, and refreshed him with fruit, and pure water from a trickling stream hard by.

"Thou art right in believing that Christ is the greatest king," said the hermit, when he had seated himself at Offero's side, "for His power extends over both heaven and earth. But thou canst not serve him lightly; for if

He accepts thee, He will lay upon thee great tasks, and will ask thee to fast often."

"I will not fast," answered Offero, "for it is my strength which makes me a good servant. Why should I waste it by fasting?"

The hermit crossed himself, and kept silence for a little space, while his lips moved rapidly. "And thou must pray," said he presently.

"I know not how to pray, neither will I learn," answered the proud giant, "such a service is for weak ones, not for me."

And now the hermit grew sore perplexed, and he arose and walked away for a short distance that he might be alone. And poor Offero was also sorely troubled, and stretched his mighty, useless limbs out over the kind earth, with something very like discouragement.

Surely he had stood faithfully in the palace of the great king; and had swept over the wide plains with Satan's armed legion without thought of weariness; and could this greatest Ruler of all, to whom he longed to offer

his service, give him indeed nothing that he might do?

"Knowest thou a deep, wide river," asked the hermit, as he again drew near, "that is often swollen by rains, and sweeps away in its swift current many of those who would cross it?"

"I know such a stream," answered Offero, his honest face aglow with eager hope.

"Then go there," said the hermit, "and aid those who struggle with its waves; and the weak ones and the little ones bear thou from shore to shore on thy broad shoulders. This is a good work, and if Christ will have thee for this service, He will give thee token of His acceptance."

Then Offero was very glad, for this was a task which he knew how to do. And he made all haste to the banks of the dangerous river, and there he built him a hut of the branches of trees. And no hour of the day or night but found Offero ready to bear tired pilgrims over the rushing current.

He folded the weary men and women in his arms as though they were children, so little did his mighty body feel their weight; and while he held them close and sure amid the hurrying, tossing waves, they became children again in very truth. Dusty, and tired, and hungry, and ragged, and brown, and ugly, too, some of them, but children still, stripped clean of doubt and fear.

And after he began his work not one perished, where before so many had been swept away.

And the kind giant did not grow tired of this service, but was evermore grateful that his strength could be used to give comfort and help to such as needed it.

The staff which Offero used was a palm-tree which he had torn out of the ground in the forest, but it was none too large or tall.

One night he laid himself down in his hut for the rest he needed. The tinkling rain played among the boughs of the trees which made his roof; and the murmuring wind was

like the droning sound of bees, and both the rain and the wind mingled their voices with that of the flowing river. And the soul of the giant was lulled to deepest slumber.

And when he had slept far into the night, he stirred uneasily, for he seemed to hear some one calling his name.

Faint and sweet and pleading, the tones fell upon his drowsy sense. But half-aroused, he waited to hear again. And again he heard; pleading and faint and sweet, the voice of a little child, — "Offero, Offero, wilt thou carry me over the river?"

Then Offero arose and went out of the hut quickly, but it was very dark, and he could see no one.

And he lay down to rest, but the voice besought him a third time, and when with a lantern he had made diligent search, he found upon the banks of the river a little child.

"Offero, Offero, wilt thou carry me over to-night?" pleaded the child.

And the giant lifted the child tenderly, and

took his staff in his hand, and stepped down into the stream.

Immediately the wind arose, and the river became an angry flood, and the waves beat about him with a sound of thunder, while the child grew heavier and heavier until it seemed to the giant he must surely sink, and both must perish.

But he struggled with all his might, and steadied himself with his strong staff, and at length reached the further shore.

Offero placed the wonderful child upon the bank, and looked at him in great surprise.

Then he cried, "If I had carried the whole world upon my shoulders it could not have been heavier. Whom have I borne?" And the child answered, "Me thou hast desired to serve, and I have accepted thee. Thou hast borne not only the whole world upon thy shoulders, but Him who made the world."

Then Offero was filled with holy joy, and fell at His feet and worshipped Him; and when he arose the wondrous beauteous vision had fled.

Anderson, Photo.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

After this Offero called his name "Christ Offero or Bearer of Christ." And more than ever he filled his life with good deeds for Christ's sake, and suffered bitterly at the hands of fierce tormentors.

At length he was led out to die. And when the people were gathered about, he knelt and prayed a last fervent prayer, that all who beheld him and believed in Christ, should be preserved from earthquake, fire and tempest. And in the far old times this touching prayer of Saint Christopher was thought to be effectual, and that to be safe from fire and flood, and earthquake, and all disaster, one need only to look upon his image.

Saint Christopher's day is July 25.

The herb dedicated to Saint Christopher is called by his name, herb Christopher.

Saint Columba

Saint Columba

"They shall bury me first at Iona;
But, by the will of the living God,
It is at Dun that I shall rest in my grave,
With Patrick, and with Bridget the immaculate,
Three bodies in one grave."

THUS prophesied Saint Columba, the great apostle of Caledonia, whose loving heart, through all the thirty-four years of his holy ministry in the Hebrides, turned faithfully to the land of his birth as a final resting-place.

And thus it came to pass. And the ashes of Saint Patrick, Saint Bridget, and Saint Columba reposed together at Down, in Ireland. But during the two hundred years that the body of Saint Columba lay first in Scotland's island of Iona, seventy kings and princes were buried at his feet.

"Where is Duncan's body?" asks Ross, in Shakespeare's great tragedy of Macbeth.

"Carried to Colmekill, the sacred storehouse of his predecessors," replies Macduff.

For King Duncan was of that noble company that rested at the feet of Saint Columba. The saint's name, Columba, is borrowed from the Latin, and signifies a dove. Columb-Kill, or Columb-Cille, means the *dove of the cell.*

According to the ancient records, Saint Columba was born in Ireland, in the county of Donegal, on December 7, in the year of our Lord 521, and was of royal lineage. He grew up as tall and strong as he was brave and beautiful.

He was not only a monk, and a holy abbot, and the first great apostle of Great Britain, but he was an orator and a poet. Yes, even a sailor, and a soldier too; for he feared not the stormy waters of the Hebrides, as for many years he sailed from island to island, in his boat of osier, covered with tough hide, carrying the blessed word of God: while his

martial spirit in urging on a battle had as its result this very mission to the then fierce and ignorant clans of Scotland.

Courage and conscience, patriotism, energy and tenderness, are the qualities which render the name of Saint Columba great to this day. The first story I shall relate of his life illustrates courage and conscience in particular.

Books in the time of Saint Columba were rare and few in Ireland, even though that country was then renowned as a seat of learning, where rich and poor alike gathered from over all Europe to partake of the opportunity for education which the great monasteries of Ireland so freely offered.

That a man or boy wished to learn, was his strong and sufficient claim to the best that could be done for him; and no talent was wittingly permitted to go to waste through lack of money to pay for its cultivation.

While education was freely bestowed upon all who desired it, this was in the days before the invention of printing made books plentiful.

It was slow work to copy upon parchment, or other substance, the books that were most needed, however patiently the monks labored in their quiet cells to do so; from week to week, and from year to year.

Books which were greatly in demand were secured in place by a strong chain, where each might take his turn at study, with never the hope of having a thing so precious for his own; yet with the privilege of carrying away in his memory all that he was able to retain.

But this very lack of books was often a blessing; for the students learned from the lips of wise men, that which they could not otherwise obtain; and the teaching of a book, however wise, is never equal to the same wisdom from the lips of a noble teacher.

Another important custom made necessary by the scarcity of books, was the travelling in search of them, from one monastery to another, wherever they might be found.

Now Saint Columba loved to travel, almost as much, I dare say, as he loved good books;

for the great, open book of Nature is full of rare refreshment and consolation for body and soul, to him who wanders among its beauties with seeing eyes; and that Columba cared deeply for good books is further shown by the patience with which he made with his own hand, three hundred copies of the Gospels and the Psalter.

To copy perfectly a single page of Latin, with exquisitely colored or elaborate black and white initial letters, would convey to a young person some slight sense of the heroic industry of this ardent book-lover.

It chanced during a visit he made to his earlier teacher, the Abbot Finnian, that Columba managed, without permission, to copy the Abbot's Psalter, which was different from any he had heretofore done.

To escape observation, for Finnian would have seriously objected, Columba shut himself up in the church at night, and worked while those around him slept. He carried no light in with him, trusting to some miracle for aid.

And the legends relate that a soft radiance emanated from his own hand, and suffused the pages on which he wrote, thus giving him all the light he needed.

An idle and mischief-making person peeped through a hole in the door, and straightway reported the occupation of Columba; but not until a crane, a bird much loved of the Irish monks, had punished his curiosity by pecking out his eye.

The abbot Finnian, indignant that Columba should reproduce his precious Psalter without permission, demanded that the completed copy should be given him.

Columba refused; and the dispute was carried to Tara, and laid before the king for judgment, who decided that since the Psalter, from which Columba transcribed, belonged to Finnian, the copy made without permission should be his also.

Still Columba was not convinced; nor were his friends, who held that the word of God was free to all men, and that Columba had the right to copy it if he chose to do so.

There were now two opposing sides, which felt strongly, and increased in numbers and in rancor, until war was declared between them. They fought their anger out upon the field, and the victory lay with the clans of Columba's kin and friends.

The strange thing that happened to the precious Latin Psalter, which Columba wrote at dead of night in the dark church, by the miraculous light shed by his own vigorous and determined hand, was this. It was enclosed in a portable altar as a holy relic, and for a thousand years it was carried into battle before the great O'Donnell clan, wherever their wars might lead them. Borne against the bosom of a stainless youth, it was their rallying-point, and believed to be their sacred promise of victory.

And it still remains with a member of the O'Donnell family, who have possessed it for thirteen hundred years; a sheaf of fifty-eight leaves of parchment, bound in silver: the learned antiquarians apparently expressing

no doubt regarding the justice of its claim to this antiquity.

Although triumph had rested with Columba and his friends, in the war occasioned by the book, he became more and more dissatisfied with himself for the part he had taken, by reason of his anger and wounded pride; and more and more his conscience smote him with the cruel fate of the men who were slain in battle.

At last conscience mastered Columba completely, and drove him up and down the land to inquire of the holiest men he knew, masters of penitence and of expiation, what he should do to prove his sorrow for the slain. And all the while courage walked beside him, and made him equal to whatever heaviest task he should be moved to undertake: which proved to be perpetual exile, and missionary work among the northern clans of the land we know as Scotland.

He had worked nobly and well in the service of the church in Ireland, in founding monas-

teries, and promoting their growth and usefulness; and he saw before him much work there to do. But he took up that which was harder; and with twelve faithful followers set sail for the new scenes of labor.

It has been said that of all her sons who have loved her well, and they are a mighty host, Ireland has had no more devoted son than Saint Columba. While each has loved to the utmost that within him lay, Saint Columba, monk and holy man of God, poet and orator, and sailor and soldier too, if need should come, had the power of loving of which few men even dream.

A legend tells that he first landed upon the island called Oronsay, but that having climbed to its highest point he was able still to discern the coast of Ireland, and was overcome by longing for his own dear home. He returned to his boat to seek a further spot, from which the distance would obscure the vision he must not look upon; and next landed upon Iona. There, first assuring himself that from no out-

look upon the little barren island could his home be seen, he decided to remain; and built his first rude hut just opposite the larger island of Mull, separated only by a narrow strait of sea.

The deep homesickness of Saint Columba, if we may call it so, never ceased; and through all the thirty-four years that he labored for the good of Scotland, he thought of himself at heart as "the exile of Iona."

His poems are chiefly poems of place, to whatsoever period of his life they may be ascribed. That to the monastery at Derry, which he founded, belongs to his early manhood.

"Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace, and for its purity,
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one end to the other,
I love my beautiful Derry.
For its quietness and its purity,
For heaven's angels that come and go
Under every leaf of the oaks,
I love my beautiful Derry.

"My Derry, my fair oak grove,
My dear little cell and dwelling,
O God in the heavens above!
Let him who profanes it be cursed.
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Sords and Kells!
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry
When I return to Derry from far,
It is sweeter and dearer to me —
Sweeter to me."

In the course of time Iona became a great resort for pilgrims, and travellers who desired the holy abbot's blessing. They would advance to Mull, and there on the opposite shore would call across to the monks of Iona to come and ferry them over. Saint Columba made them welcome, and loved to question them touching the journey they had made, and the home from whence they came; and often entrusted them with messages to carry back.

The following poetic fragment is said to

have been one of these, which he placed in the hands of a young Irish pilgrim to Iona, to bear to his friends in Ireland.

"What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and to watch the waves break upon the Irish shore!

"What joy to row the little bark, and land among the whitening foam upon the Irish shore!

"Ah, how my boat would fly, if its prow were turned to my Irish oak grove!

"But the noble sea now carries me only to Albyn, the land of ravens.

"My foot is in my little boat, but my sad heart ever bleeds. There is a grey eye which ever turns to Erin; but never in this life shall it see Erin, nor her sons, nor her daughters.

"From the high prow I look over the sea, and great tears are in my grey eye when I turn to Erin, — to Erin, where the songs of the birds are so sweet, and where the clerks sing like the birds: where the young are so gentle, and the old so wise: where the great men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair to wed.

"Young traveller, carry my sorrows with thee; carry them to Congall of eternal life.

"Noble youth, take my prayer with thee, and my blessing, one part for Ireland, — seven times may she be blessed! and the other for Albyn. Carry my blessing across the sea, — carry it to the West."

Congall was a dear friend of Saint Columba, and the longing to see Ireland was occasionally

gratified in later years, when Saint Columba made it his duty to revisit the monasteries he had founded there, the well-being of which continued near his heart.

He loved the great oak trees, and protected them; and the good green earth and the fruits of it due to the patient laborers; and the legend runs that he could hasten on the harvest by his blessing. Once when he approached an apple tree laden with sour and bitter fruit, he bade it bring forth better, thus: "In the name of Almighty God, let thy bitterness leave thee, O bitter tree, and let thy apples be henceforth as sweet as up to this time they have been sour!"

That he may have grafted it does not in the least spoil this wholesome story, for he devoted some time to the culture of fruit trees.

When he had grown old, he loved to lay down his pen and watch the monks return from the fields, and the pastures, at evening, that he might bestow upon them his blessing: and the younger brethren, whose duty it was

to milk the cows belonging to the monastery, would kneel beside their frothy pails to receive a benediction from the abbot's lips.

One legend relates that by a single stroke of his crosier he caused sweet waters to well up in an hundred dry places in Ireland and in Scotland.

The same monks who tilled the soil upon the little island of Iona, went out also in boats, fearless and hardy sailors that they were. And Columba loved to go out with them, and share their labors, whether upon smooth or tempestuous seas. And the Mariner Monks believed that the holy abbott had become so refined and sensitive, by contemplation and prayer, that he could witness their dangers upon the sea, even in the silence of his monastic cell, and come to their relief by prayers for their safety.

When the little monastery bell at Iona would ring out suddenly at some unaccustomed hour of the day, to summon the pious monks to come to the sanctuary and pray with all their might, they quickly left their labors and has-

tened thither, knowing that their holy abbot had received tidings by the "lightning speed of the flight of angels," as he himself described it, of men in deadly peril somewhere on an angry sea, who needed the intercession of their prayers.

Saint Columba loved the birds, and gave them tender care. One day he called a monk and said, "Go, and take thy seat beside the water upon the western bank of this island; and while thou art watching, a poor, travel-worn stork, beaten by the winds, and exhausted by fatigue, will arrive from the north of Ireland. Take her up with great pity, feed her, and watch her for three days. After three days' rest she will be strengthened and refreshed, and will not wish to prolong her exile among us; but will hasten on swift wing to sweet Ireland, where she was born. I bid thee care for her thus because she comes from the land where I too was born."

As predicted, the weary stork dropped at the feet of the watchful and obedient monk, who

fed and cared for her during the three days she remained; at the end of which she spread her wings, circled lightly above the head of the kind brother who had saved her life, paused to take her bearings, and then skimmed gayly across the sea to the coast of Ireland.

The authentic beginning of Scottish royalty is placed eleven years after Saint Columba landed at Iona, when he laid his hands upon the head of Aïdan, and ordained him king. It may be that King Aïdan was indeed consecrated by the abbot of Iona upon a certain great stone, then called the Stone of Fate, which was destined to witness the rise and fall of many kings.

From Iona this stone was carried to Dunstaffnage Castle, upon the coast of Argyll; from thence to the abbey of Scone, near Perth; and last to Westminster Abbey, by Edward I when he ravaged Scotland. And in Westminster Abbey it still remains, beneath the throne whereon the kings of England sit upon the day of their coronation.

But the new kingdom of the Scots owed tribute to Ireland, until Saint Columba, beloved of both, secured by friendly intercession the independence of the Scots, who in turn promised alliance and friendship forever to their Irish countrymen. He sat down with kings, or with the beggar on the wayside. He talked wisdom with the sages; and washed the earth-stained feet of the monks who came in at evening from their toil. No work was too lofty or too lowly for him, and the passion for copying, and sowing broadcast the holy word of God, remained with him to the end.

Death found Saint Columba ready, and glad to depart, when in old age the summons came for him to go. Year by year he had grown increasingly wonderful to those who gathered about him from far and near; this tall old man, beautiful now with a rarer beauty than that of his splendid and impulsive youth, and with the melody of his powerful voice all unhurt by the spoiler, Time.

He had always despised rest, and with fine

consideration had never asked of those who labored with him, the ceaseless toil exacted from himself.

Strange stories were told of angelic visitations, and the old light which emanated from his strong hand to guide his pen while transcribing that cherished Psalter, in earlier manhood, had now increased to a soft refulgence, which enfolded him as a garment. So intensified by darkness and by prayer would this light become, as to be well nigh insupportable to the eyes of those who by stealth looked in upon him at his midnight vigils in the church.

"My summons will come to-night," said Saint Columba, as he walked out with his faithful attendant, to bless the granary of the monastery.

Upon his return he stopped halfway to rest his feeble limbs; the spot still marked in Iona by an ancient monument known as Maclean's Cross.

An old white horse, long used to carry milk from the dairy to the monastery, approached,

and laid his head affectionately upon his master's shoulder. The action was that of tender leave-taking, and the eyes of the horse were dim with grief.

"The horse loves me," said Saint Columba, when his attendant would have sent the animal away. "Leave him with me. Let him weep for my departure. His Creator has revealed to this poor horse what He has hidden from thee, a reasonable man."

The abbot then caressed the sad horse, and gave him his blessing.

Arising feebly to his feet he climbed to a slight elevation, from whence he could take in the three miles, by two miles, of Iona's length and breadth, and the monastery he had built; and with lifted hands he pronounced his solemn benediction. "This little spot, so small and low, shall be greatly honored, not only by Scots kings and people, but also by foreign chiefs and barbarous nations; and it shall be venerated even by the saints of other churches." A prophetic blessing, uttered more

than fourteen centuries ago, upon the last day of Saint Columba's life upon the earth, which has been abundantly fulfilled.

Out from the little Iona had already gone forth, one after another, bands of monks to plant, under the direction of Saint Columba, religious colonies upon the islands round about. Three hundred monasteries or churches in Scotland and in Ireland are attributed to his fervid energy.

Nor did Saint Columba, in his pious zeal for religion, forget to cherish her twin handmaidens, music and poetry. He won justice for the bards and minstrels while he lived; and found comfort for his own sore heart in poetic strains. It was in a later and more cruel day than this that the harps of Erin were broken, and the sweet songs of the minstrels hushed by fierce oppression.

I have nowhere read that he foretold the sorrow of Ireland, as he did the desolation of Iona, and the removal of his body to his own loved land. And I trust that our story serves

to make clear the joy with which this last was thus prophesied.

"They shall bury me first at Iona,
But by the will of the living God,
It is at Dun that I shall rest in my grave,
With Patrick, and with Bridget the immaculate,
Three bodies in one grave."

Saint Catherine

Saint Catherine

ALEXANDRIA, of Egypt, claims the honor of Saint Catherine's birth, and if we will think for a moment of this famous city, we shall see that it is most fitly chosen as the home of a divine patroness of learning, of a saint who types womanly intellect as well as purity and grace.

Alexandria, through the pride and hospitality of Ptolemy, became early in her history a great seat of learning. We are told that she had the first public library in the world, and her wise men came from many directions.

There were Greek scholars, and learned Jews, and Oriental sages; and later, many hundred years later, there were Christians too, in the first flush and ardor of Christian life.

And there arose in time schools of philosophy, and schools of science, and schools of theology, and schools of all shades of thought, and the city became, indeed, one great university.

And these very learned men, who gathered in shady porticos to discuss hard questions, had sometimes learned families too. Mr. Kingsley tells somewhere in one of his delightful essays or lectures on Alexandria, how sage Diodorus at last "wrote a treatise upon the awful nothing, and died in despair, leaving behind him five dialectical daughters," whatever "dialectical" may be.

But all this is very wise, as you no doubt see, and quite out of our way, save to show us that the intellectual, eager air of her native city must have been most favorable to the development of Catherine's powers.

Though the accounts of this gifted maiden were declared three hundred years ago to be quite without historic value, they were told at first with perfect sincerity, and gave for

ages to the devout admiration and worship of Christian men and women a character immortal in purity and grace.

And here lies the endless charm of these dear old tales.

The fair face and form, the home and its surroundings, and all the unreal portions of the life are swept away, forgotten, or utterly denied; but we read on and do not care, for we still have left the part which most concerns us, and which is forever new and sweet and true.

The father of Saint Catherine was Costis, half-brother to Constantine the Great, and he married Sabinella, a beautiful and virtuous princess, only daughter and heiress of the king of Egypt.

And when Costis and Sabinella had lived together in great happiness and prosperity for several years, they were gladdened by the birth of a child, whom they called Catherine, and who, from her first baby breath, was seen to be a most wonderful infant.

The glory of light which played about her head, only confirmed the prophetic dream Sabinella had had before her birth, and the ever-increasing beauty and wisdom of her childhood, astonished all who saw her.

The works of Plato became her favorite study, and mathematical calculations, frightful to think of, were her pleasant pastime.

At length Costis ordered a lofty tower to be built in the royal garden near the palace, for Catherine's use, and fitted its chambers with books and mathematical instruments, and all manner of costly aids to study. And he invited seven wise masters to preside over the education of his daughter.

And the seven wise men came, but the lessons they laid out for her she already knew.

And they tried those that were harder, but she knew them too.

And when they had taxed their wisdom to its utmost, they put to her questions to which they themselves knew no answers. But Catherine knew, and replied with softest grace,

and with the gentle reverence youth pays to age.

Then the wise masters begged that she would teach them, since she was so much the wiser, and Catherine meekly consented, and they stayed and became her pupils.

When Catherine reached the age of fourteen, King Costis died, leaving her heiress of his kingdom; but the young queen cared little for royal state, and greatly preferred her quiet tower, where by day she could meditate, and by night study the blue heavens and the courses of the stars.

And in time this seclusion became displeasing to her subjects, and the nobles besought her to select a husband, who would manage for her the affairs of the government.

Queen Catherine heard patiently and in silence all they had to say. They told her she was possessed of four great gifts, royal blood, a kingdom's wealth, knowledge, and beauty.

And in her reply to the nobles, Catherine

said as she possessed four good gifts, the husband she would select must have four likewise, but they must be better than her own. He must be greater and richer and wiser and fairer than she, so that she should not remember she had made him king.

And the nobles and councillors were in despair, and said one to the other, "Such a one as she hath devised there never was none, and never shall be."

And in their extremity they sought her mother, Sabinella, and desired her to talk with her daughter.

And Sabinella did so, explaining to Catherine the extravagance of her demand, and that she would never be able to find such a husband; to which the young queen answered with great dignity, "If I do not find him, he shall find me, for other will I none."

A certain holy hermit, who lived not far from Alexandria, was moved by the Virgin Mary to appear before the fair young queen, and to beseech her to give to Christ the pure

love of her heart; for the giving of which her nobles had so vainly planned.

But Catherine knew nothing of Christ, and bade the hermit tell her of whom he spoke. And he told her the story, the wondrous story, until her soft eyes shone with tears, and her heart melted within her breast.

She forgot her books and her philosophy, and the scholars with whom she talked, and could think only of the divine tenderness and pity.

And the hermit gave her a picture, representing the Virgin Mother and her holy Child, and she could not tire of looking at their celestial beauty, but constantly kept the picture in her sight.

And Catherine had a dream. In her dream she went with the old hermit up the steep sides of a lofty mountain, at the top of which was a sanctuary. And when they had almost reached the gates, and would gladly have entered, there came out to meet them a shining company of angels, wearing white

robes, and crowned with garlands of white lilies.

And Catherine, overcome by the glory that shone about her, fell upon her face. But an angel bade her arise, and gently supported her, and made her welcome.

Then she arose and followed where they led, on to an inner chamber where stood the queen of Heaven, in beauty and majesty no pen could tell, and about her waited countless angels and saints and martyrs.

And they presented Catherine to the queen of Heaven, Mary the blessed mother, who received her with all grace and tenderness, and then led her to her divine Son.

But our Lord turned his head away sadly, without a welcome, and Catherine awoke in tears, and wept until the morning.

She told the hermit her dream, and he tried to comfort her, and assured her that our Lord cannot turn from any who truly turn to him, and he taught her much more beside of the Christian faith, and baptized her and her mother, Sabinella.

The night following, Catherine dreamed again. A glorious company appeared before her, saints and angels, and in their midst the blessed Virgin and her divine Son.

And our Lord smiled upon her, and received her for his own, and placed a ring upon her finger, in token of His acceptance of her love and service.

In the morning Catherine awoke, filled with holy joy, and beheld the ring, and knew that she had truly set aside the vanities of the world, and that Christ had accepted her.

The Marriage of Saint Catherine, for so the dream is called, long held captive the fancy of great painters, who lavished upon it their most poetical conceptions, and most brilliant execution.

After a time the good Sabinella died, and Catherine was left lonely in her beautiful palace.

The busy life of the city still went on. She gathered in rich treasures from many lands; golden tissues and fragrant spicery; shawls and ivory and precious stones.

The fruitful country of the Nile filled her garners with corn, and to spare, so that her ships carried it away to wherever corn was needed. Her philosophers, her libraries and temples were still her boast and pride.

But with all their wealth and learning, the people of Alexandria were not happy. They quarrelled, and disputed, and acted like bad children, only in a more fearful way, because their strength was great.

The heathen persecuted the Christian, and the Christian persecuted the heathen, which was worse.

And now Maximin arrived in Alexandria, and gathering the Christians together, he commanded them to forsake their own religion and worship Pagan gods.

The grief of the distressed Christians reached the ears of Catherine, and she came forth from the palace and met the tyrant upon the temple steps, and there pleaded before him the everlasting truth of Christ.

Maximin, amazed at her eloquence and

learning, ordered fifty of the wisest scholars of his realm to be assembled, to meet in argument the queenly philosopher and saintly orator.

But this was not a pleasant command to the hoary sages, who held Catherine's wisdom very lightly. They came, since they dared do no less, and Catherine appeared before them in the temple, clad in her richest robes and full of lofty courage.

She met them with their own knowledge, — Plato, Socrates, the Sibylline Oracles, — with an easy grace and simple thoroughness, which left them no room for answer. Then she preached to them the true faith, and they received it, to the rage of Maximin, who commanded them to be put to death. But they believed deeply enough to be willing martyrs; and Saint Catherine gave them sweet encouragement, and comforted them greatly in their sufferings.

After this, Maximin's wife, the empress, declared herself a Christian, as did many others.

The cruel emperor tried every means he knew to make Saint Catherine false to the religion she loved, — pain, hunger, and imprisonment, all of which she bore with unwavering courage.

At last he took her life. And when her spirit had ascended, four angels came and took up her body, and bore it over land and sea to the top of Mount Sinai, and there laid it in a marble tomb.

Five hundred years later, a monastery was built above her burial place.

Saint Catherine's Day, November 25th.

Sweet Butter-bur, dedicated to Saint Catherine.

Saint Francis of Assisi

Saint Francis of Assisi

THE heart of Saint Francis overflowed with love for every living creature, and this is why I have chosen his story to tell you.

We already know something of the hermits, who lived silent and alone, in huts and caves; and of the monks who held vast power, and dwelt securely within stone walls, fine old fortresses for strength, and who had books, and pictures, and gardens to somewhat cheer their dreary lives.

And now we will speak of the friars; whom you remember perhaps in their wanderings over the pages of delightful story books; where they seem for the most part false enough in the easy breaking of their own grim rules.

But this was in later days, and they were not all faithless.

The orders of mendicant friars did great good in their time. They were reformers in many churchly abuses, and for two hundred years they taught, and acted, and suffered, and died, to most earnest purpose.

Saint Francis was the founder of one of these vast orders, the Franciscans, who held themselves the brothers of all men; and who went out among the people, serving high and low, and rich and poor, wherever their service was needed; for Christ's sake.

They were to be interested in the affairs of other men; but were to have no interests of their own; and while they bestowed prayers and tears, and care and sympathy on every side, they must go barefoot and meanly clad, and depend upon alms alone for their daily bread.

Dead to themselves, to the world, to any personal care for life, their standard was at least a very hard one; and if few reached it we cannot wonder.

But it is said Saint Francis of Assisi did.

And now you must picture to yourselves the loving Saint Francis; with no shoes on his feet, and wearing a dark, coarse robe, bound about the waist with a knotted rope.

The time was, that he wore a leather girdle, but he gave it away one day, and ever after wore a rope instead.

When even this humble garb seemed to him much softer and better than he needed, he would sew the rough robe with packthread, to make it rougher still.

There was a certain little cell, not far from the city, of which Saint Francis was very fond, and where he spent as much time as he thought he could spare from other duties. And Friar Leo used gladly to go there with him, when Francis would permit. One night as they sat together outside the cell, Saint Francis was delighted to hear the song of a nightingale near by; and turning to Leo, he bade him join the little bird in praise to God. But brother Leo said his voice was very bad, and he could not sing; whereupon Saint

Francis himself began to sing, and the nightingale stopped to listen. Then when Saint Francis paused, the little bird took up the strain, and thus they sang; first one, and then the other, until the night was far spent.

Saint Francis was first to lose his voice from weariness, and was much pleased at the little bird's victory, and calling it to him he thanked it for its song, and gave it bread, and his blessing.

All animals were dear to him, and he addressed them each fondly as Brother or Sister. When he walked over the hills, and through the fields, the sheep and lambs would crowd about him to receive his caresses. Once in his walk, he stopped to salute a flock of goats, and saw in their midst one poor little lamb, nipping its grass timidly, and all alone in the midst of the stronger animals. And his heart was filled with vast pity, so that he longed to take the little waif in his arms, and shelter it in his bosom.

But he had nothing he could offer in ex-

change for it, for he owned nothing in the world but the one coarse robe he wore.

And all he could do was to stand and mourn his own helplessness.

And a certain rich man passed by, and seeing his grief, bought the poor little woolly creature, and presented it to him.

Then Saint Francis nestled it on his bosom, and went his way comforted.

His pet lamb long lived with him, and even went with him to Rome, and elsewhere in his journeying.

One bright summer morning, a grasshopper made her home upon a fig-tree near his cell, and for eight days cheered him with her song.

And Saint Francis would often call to her joyously, "Come, my sister, let us sing praises to the Lord thy creator," and the grasshopper would leave her place upon the branch, to sit upon the good man's hand, and join in his song of praise, as well as she was able.

The worms and insects had nothing to fear from his gentle feet, for he always watched

most carefully that he should not tread upon them.

Soon after his conversion, and while Saint Francis was yet young, he had great doubt whether he should try to preach, seeing he was quite unlearned, or whether he should serve God chiefly by acts of mercy and prayer.

And in his perplexity he advised with his brethren, and begged not only them, but also Saint Clara and her sisterhood, to help him find the thing he must do.

And after meditation and prayer, each gave an answer; and the answer of each was the same: —

"Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

Whereupon it is said he gained greatly in eloquence and power. But in his sweet simplicity, and in his overflowing love for all God's creatures, he received the command with childlike faith, and obeyed the voice of his own heart, when he gave it literal obedience.

And thus we have his lovely sermon to the birds.

"Drawing nigh to Bevagno, he came to a certain place where birds of different kinds were gathered together; whom seeing, the man of God ran hastily to the spot, and saluting them as if they had been his fellows in reason, (while they all turned and bent their heads in attentive expectation) he admonished them, saying 'Brother birds, greatly are ye bound to praise the Creator, who clotheth you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and pure air to breathe, and who careth for you, who have so little care for yourselves.'

"While he thus spake, the little birds marvellously commoved, began to spread their wings, stretch forth their necks, and open their beaks, attentively gazing upon him; and he, glowing in the spirit, passed through the midst of them, and even touched them with his robe; yet not one stirred from his place until the man of God gave him leave; when with his blessing, and at the sign of the cross, they all flew away.

"Those things saw his companions, who waited for him on the road; to whom returning, the simple and pure-minded man began greatly to blame himself, for having never hitherto preached to the birds."

Still he had not quite neglected them; for when he was returning from his Syrian journey, he came upon a vast number of birds, singing together, and he said to brother Leo, "Our sisters the birds are praising their Creator; come let us sing with them:" and they began the sacred service.

But now the birds grew quite excited, and warbled so wildly as to greatly disturb the saintly men; until at last, Francis turning to them, gently bade them be silent, until he and brother Leo had also praised God. Whereupon they kept still until the service was ended.

At another time when Saint Francis was preaching, a bevy of birds near by, building their nests, kept such a busy chirping and twittering that the people could not hear what he was teaching them.

Soule Art Co., Photo.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Sermon to the birds

Pausing therefore in his sermon, he said to the birds, "My sisters, you have talked enough; it is time that I should have my turn. Be silent and listen to the word of God."

And the wise little birds stopped their noise, and either kept about their work quietly, or sweetly listened, as they were told to do.

Once, shivering and alone, in the depth of winter, he remembered keenly his youth, and all the comfort and luxury of his father's house. And coming back from his short dream of warmth and ease, he beheld with dread the cold, bare cell, and the ground which served him for a bed; his tattered gown and girdle of rope; and his poor worn body, so meagre and wan and chill.

And he thought of these things, and kept thinking of them, until he feared he might be tempted to be sorry that he had given up the world, and given up himself. Then in his dismay lest he should be so tempted, he fled from his cell to the open air, and threw himself upon a bush of thorns.

The thorns wounded his flesh, and sprinkled the cruel bush with crimson drops.

And lo! from the blood drops on the thorns, there sprang roses, white and red, roses of Paradise; which Saint Francis in ecstatic vision gathered in his hands, a fragrant heap, and laid at the feet of Mary Mother and her divine Son.

And he had other visions beside, so splendid and so strange that I do not know how to tell them. But there is not one of them too splendid or too strange for me to believe in, — not even when his wrapt feet carry him into the very courts of heaven; where fainting with rapture, he receives for one bright moment in his arms, the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

Ah, I am glad that he dreamed dreams. They comfort me greatly in my thought of him; this loving Saint Francis, so fervent and so poetic; so tender-hearted and so true!

And so his life went by; full of preaching, and prayer, and penance, and charity, and full too for the most part of holy joy.

We can fancy him wandering, here and there, through his beautiful Italy, singing hymns as he walked, and praising God for all things. "For the sun which shone above; for the day and for the night: for his mother the earth, and for his sister the moon; for the winds which blew in his face; for the pure, precious water, and for the jocund fire; for the flowers under his feet, and for the stars above his head," saluting and blessing on every hand.

When he came to die, he begged pardon of his body, for having used it with such severity; and indeed the poor body must have been very happy at the parting.

But a multitude mourned that they should no longer see him; and Sister Clara, the beautiful Grey Sister, and all her sisterhood wept, as they carried him by her convent.

Then, after a time, a magnificent church was built over the spot where they laid him.

Saint Francis of Assisi. Oct. 4th.

Southernwood is dedicated to Saint Francis.

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary

SAINT ELIZABETH, daughter of the king of Hungary, was born in the year 1207. This period, and following, was one of great religious fervor throughout Catholic Europe, and save for the miraculous element in their narration, the stories of this lovely Saint might figure forth the life of many a high-born lady of her time.

The land of her birth, from its geographical position, as well as from its enthusiastic defence of the faith, was one of the great bulwarks of Christendom. A land rich in climate and in soil, but rich most of all, in the noble character of its people, whose reputation for justice, and for truth, for courage, and for a forgiving spirit, reaches back through many a century.

Elizabeth early gave evidence of great piety, and the first words her infant lips uttered were words of prayer.

The devotion and self-sacrifice of her later years won for her extreme veneration, and her shrine at Marbourg was long resorted to by Christian pilgrims.

It was the night of the battle of Wartburg, and great festivity reigned at Wartburg Castle, where dwelt Herman of Thuringia.

The battle of Wartburg was a poetic battle, a trial of skill among the sweet singers whom Herman loved to call about his court, and many famous poets were assembled.

Henry, the virtuous clerk, was there, and Walter of the Bird-Meadow, dreaming of battle songs and bold adventure; and Wolfram of Eschenbach, who held himself without an equal.

They had not yet been summoned to the

great hall, when a most strange arrival was announced. Klingesor of Hungary had come, the very chief of Minnesingers, who was said moreover to call in magic to aid him in his wanderings.

Now no one had expected Klingesor to-night, and everybody believed him when he said he had been in Hungary the day before.

And when he presently moved toward a window, and read a lovely bit of news from the star-lit sky above, no one, of course, doubted that the stars really told him the story; no one, at least, unless it might be Wolfram, who was to be his rival in the poetic contest.

And what do you think it was Klingesor read from the stars?

This:—

"The Queen of Hungary has to-night a baby girl, who shall be beautiful, and holy, and virtuous, and shall in due time be wedded to Louis, the son of Herman of Thuringia."

Here was a great piece of news, and though

it was forgotten for a time in the spirited music of the Minnesingers, as the German minstrels were called, and in the poetic struggle between Wolfram and Klingesor, in which each did so well that neither could be declared better than the other; still when the battle was ended, and Klingesor had been spirited away as mysteriously as he came, a thought of the little Hungarian princess returned to them, — the baby bride, born for Louis, who was only a baby himself, and even now sound asleep in his cradle in a remote and quiet corner of the castle.

Klingesor's statement, then, was the first news at this distant court of the birth of Saint Elizabeth, but as one year and another went by, such charming accounts were brought of the sweetness and goodness of the little princess, that Herman at length determined to send ambassadors to the king of Hungary, to ask her for the wife of his son, Prince Louis.

His embassy was a splendid train of knights and ladies, who bore with them rich presents,

and who were entertained most sumptuously at the Hungarian court.

The king of Hungary granted their request for his daughter, and when the knights and ladies set out on their return to Germany, the little princess went with them, a tiny girl, four years of age, carrying with her costly gifts, and accompanied by twelve Hungarian maidens, who gave her such comfort as she could by no means obtain from her beautiful silver cradle, or her silver bath, or any of the other kind and magnificent preparations made for her departure.

Herman made Elizabeth tenderly welcome, when after long journeying she reached the Wartburg Castle, and the young Prince Louis proved gentle and friendly.

And now we must fancy the little princess growing to maidenhood in the gloomy old castle, and trying to be as true a daughter as she could to Herman and Sophie, her adopted parents.

No doubt she heard a great deal of talk of

the hunt, and of holy wars and holy pilgrimages, and other topics of interest of the times; and received careful instruction in religious living and alms-giving from Father Conrad, a certain priest at the castle, who was Elizabeth's teacher.

And no doubt, too, she often listened with deep delight to the sweet strains of the minstrels, to whom Herman's halls held forth such joyous welcome, she and Louis, hand in hand perhaps, for Louis was ever her most true lover and faithful friend.

Then, when the birds sang in the tall trees, because the winter was gone, there were the May walks, and May flowers, and May songs to be thought of; and this careless, happy May song, of the time of Elizabeth and Louis, makes us very sure that the little boys and girls who lived six hundred years ago were, after all, quite like the boys and girls whom we see and know.

"May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity!
On the laughing hedgerows' side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures;
Youths, rejoice! in sportive measures
Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
Hail the merry, merry May.

Up, then, children! we will go,
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting;
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along;
Courtly dames our pleasures share;
Never saw I May so fair.
Therefore dancing will we go;
Youths, rejoice, the flowerets blow!
Sing ye! join the chorus gay,
Hail this merry, merry May!"

When Elizabeth was nine years of age, she was greatly bereft in the death of Herman,

who had been to her a loving father. And after the death of Herman she had much to suffer from the unkindness of Sophie and her daughters, who would have taken from her even the love of Louis had they been able. But this they could not do, and when Louis was twenty years of age Elizabeth and he were married.

The marriage was a very happy one, and Elizabeth grew more and more devout; and more and more gave herself up to acts of charity and religious penance.

Sometimes, indeed, Louis would remonstrate, for he was not able to understand, nor wholly sanction the sweet austerity of Elizabeth's life, but for all this he loved her, and believed in her, and could not help feeling that in some way the devotion of his wife would be blessed to him and to his people.

Father Conrad's teachings and admonitions were very strict and hard, and when he told Elizabeth that the support of the sumptuous table of the prince made the taxes too bur-

densome for the people, she resolved forthwith to eat sparingly, and allowed herself only bread and water, while those about her were feasting royally.

Louis was annoyed at the poor fare which Elizabeth chose, and afterward was surprised to find it so well nourished her. One day at table he playfully lifted her cup to his lips, and found, to his great astonishment, that it held wine, far richer and better than any his vaults could furnish.

He demanded therefore of the servant who filled the cup where he had obtained this wonderful wine.

But the servant could not understand, and replied that he had poured into the cup of the princess only clear, cold water, as she had commanded. And now Louis felt sure that angels ministered to Elizabeth.

Upon a certain visit among the poor of Eisenach, Saint Elizabeth found a leprous child who needed care, and lifting the loathsome, suffering little body in her own arms,

she bore it to the castle, and laid it in her bed and comforted its pain.

This made the mother of Louis very angry, and when her son came home she complained to him so bitterly that even Louis was impatient, and almost ready to agree in the censure of his wife, who now met him, and in reply to his inquiries, sweetly led the way to the chamber where she had carried the leprous infant.

And there indeed they beheld a child, a smiling child, fair and soft, and beautiful beyond all telling, who faded from their sight, and left the bed empty, even while they gazed.

And tradition says the child was a vision of our blessed Lord.

One day in winter, Elizabeth left the Wartburg, and made her way down the icy path, on a visit to the poor below. She carried in her mantle loaves of bread, as many as she could carry; and on her way down she met Prince Louis, her husband, who stopped her

with a clouded brow, and asked where she was going.

Elizabeth saw the displeasure in his face, that she should be thus alone, and heavily burdened, and at so great a distance from the castle.

And while she hesitated before answering, Louis spoke again :—

"What dost thou carry in thy mantle, dear heart, that thou bendest so with the weight of thy load ?"

Then Elizabeth, still silent, unfolded a corner of her robe that he might see for himself. And lo! the very sweetness of summer arose and filled all the air about them, as Louis leaned over and peered into her mantle.

What did he see ?

Loaves of bread ?

O, no, not bread at all, but roses, pure white and glowing red, and rich as roses could be, though the season was mid-winter.

Louis looked wonderingly into the angelic face of his wife, and spoke not, but took softly

one crimson rose from her mantle and laid it in his bosom, and then passed on with his courtiers, leaving Elizabeth to go her way.

A sad time came for the princess when Louis was to accompany the emperor to Italy, but she let him go as willingly as she was able, and tried to comfort her grief in the care of her lovely children, and in those charities in which her heart delighted.

While he was absent a great famine occurred throughout Germany, in which Thuringia especially suffered; and after the famine a plague came and made easy victims of the half-starved people.

And now Elizabeth was busy indeed, and unsparing of herself in her labors among the helpless and the dying.

She established many hospitals, and conducted her benevolence with so free a hand that the councillors remonstrated, but to no effect, for she sold even her jewels and rich garments to obtain the money she needed in her work; and when Louis came home they

From a carbon print by Braun, Clement & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY—"THE LEPER"
Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Madrid

complained to him of Elizabeth's expenditures.

"Let her do as she will," answered Louis in simple gratitude, with his noble wife and his little ones before his eyes, whom the dreadful plague had spared.

In the following year, another separation occurred between Louis and his family, which was very much worse than the going to Italy, for now Louis was to join the Crusades, and Elizabeth was plunged in deepest sorrow, and could not see how she should summon courage for the parting.

And when at length Louis set out on his long journey, she started with him, and journeyed with him for several days before she could find the power to say farewell.

It was to be a long farewell, as it proved, for they never met again upon the earth; and when Louis died in the distant Holy Land, he commanded his knights to bear home his body to his wife; and to defend her and her children with their lives if need should come.

And the knights promised their prince what he demanded, and kept the promise like gallant knights and true men.

The little son of Louis, called Herman for his grandfather, inherited the Wartburg Castle, and the city of Marbourg was given to Elizabeth for her portion. Father Conrad's teachings grew harder than ever, now that Louis' protecting love was gone, and Elizabeth in sweet anxiety to do all that her religion could require of her, took upon herself tasks more severe than any she had yet attempted.

She made herself one of the poorest of the poor. She ate the meanest food, and wore the humblest garments, and exhausted her slender strength by spinning flax; while her heart mourned constantly the loss of Louis.

In the year 1231, three years and a half after the death of Louis, she too died, being but twenty-four years of age.

Four years after her death she was declared a Saint.

Saint Elizabeth's Day, November 19.

Roses are dedicated to Saint Elizabeth of Hungary.

The Castle of Wartburg has long been in ruins; but it has for us still another interest.

Three centuries after the time of Saint Elizabeth, the great Martin Luther found here for a while a refuge, and here he breathed soft airs upon his flute, and sang grand German hymns of his own composing, and worked upon his translation of the Bible; quite safe from the enemies who wished to do him harm.

It was in Wartburg Castle, too, that a bag of nuts belonging to Doctor Luther acted so dreadfully one night, "jumping about in the sack, and knocking violently against each other," and making such a noise as nuts were never known to make before; until this mighty man's only protection against the annoyance was to fall sweetly asleep and forget all about it.

Saint Martin

Saint Martin

SAINT MARTIN of Tours, one of the most interesting saints of the Middle Ages, was a man of splendid courage, of which he had often given proof upon the field of battle. He was bountiful too, as all brave men are apt to be, and he was filled with the love of God.

Brave, bountiful, and holy Surely, it is very easy for us to see why Christian men and women have loved the name of Saint Martin, and called churches and towns in his memory; and why Saint Martin's Day, or Martinmas, was a great festival on the continent of Europe, a day all Christendom delighted to honor. As bishop of Tours he controlled his diocese for nearly thirty years, crushing idolatry and superstition wherever he found them, and pre-

serving ever before his people the aspect of strength and perfect serenity.

Saint Martin, following in the footsteps of his father, who was a soldier, became a soldier too, and served as an officer in the army until he was forty years of age; and then he asked leave to depart. A great battle was in prospect at the time, and those who had had every chance to know better now charged this long-tried soldier with cowardice. They said that he wished to leave the army because he feared to expose himself to the risks of battle.

It was a cruel charge, and it must have been a very surprising one to a man who had shown himself to be brave upon many a hard-fought field. But he answered them as a soldier might, and was willing to let them see once more whether he indeed feared pain or death. Saint Martin therefore asked his false accusers to strip him of his arms and shield, and every possible protection against danger, and to place him upon the battle-field, wherever the fighting was the fiercest, with a cross in his hand.

But the battle was not fought, and the soldier saint passed on to a religious life, and became in time a powerful bishop.

It was while he was still in the army that he met one day a poor man near the city gate, who was almost naked, and who begged for help. Saint Martin's heart was touched, and he did quickly the thing which comes first in all true giving: he gave himself, in hearty sympathy and compassion. But this would not keep the keen winter air from stinging and tormenting the poor man's flesh, however much it might comfort and cheer his heart, and for a moment Saint Martin paused in anxious thought.

Then, since there was nothing else at hand which he might bestow, he drew his warm and ample cloak from off his shoulders, and parted it through the middle with his shining sword. And one half he wrapped about the beggar, and the other half he wrapped about himself and went his way. That night Saint Martin dreamed a dream, and in his dream he saw

again his divided cloak, and he who wore it was his Christ — the blessed Master whom he had long been serving, but had not yet acknowledged.

Up and down the pages of all that we find written of Saint Martin of Tours, the story is ever the same. He knew no fear of man, nor measure for his gifts. To his pure sight even the animals seemed filled with the joy of giving.

"See those gentle sheep," said he, as he walked through the green fields with a friend: "they need but one coat, yet having wool enough for two coats, they gladly give to man the wool which they do not need."

One cold day in the church, in the midst of the holy service, the bishop Saint Martin observed a poor man, shivering and half naked, who had crept forward for his share in the worship. Filled with pity, he turned to a deacon and directed him to put some clothing over the naked shoulders. But the deacon was slow to obey, and when Saint Martin

From carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co. John Andrew & Son, Sc.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR

Church of Saventhem

looked again the man still shivered in his misery.

And what do you suppose the good bishop did then? If you will remember for a moment the story of the cloak, I think you will almost know. Ah, yes. Now, as then, he gave quickly of what he had, and in this instance it was his priestly vestments which he laid in blessing across the beggar's shoulders.

I have read that the last and sorest penance which Saint Elizabeth of Hungary had to suffer was that imposed by Conrad, her stern confessor, when he commanded her to abstain from giving. But no such misfortune, it seems, befell this holy man of Tours, who continued to give and to give joyously until he died.

The pictures of him which are most familiar to us have ever the naked beggar at his feet.

Saint Martin's Day is November 11th. Weymouth Pine is dedicated to Saint Martin.

Saint Margaret

Saint Margaret

SAINT MARGARET was the daughter of a pagan priest of Antioch, and her name, which signifies a pearl, is a name well befitting her youth, her beauty, and her goodness.

She was sent into the country to live while yet an infant, in order that her health might become more sound; and there in the care of her loving nurse, she grew up sweet and strong, with broad, rich landscapes for her picture books, with sheep and lambs for her playmates, and with the careful precepts of her Christian nurse for all the instruction that she had, or needed.

Many of the old stories of saints and heroes have hideous dragons as a part of their belonging, and it is hardly surprising that the dragon should appear in all of the best known pictures of Saint Margaret.

And here, as elsewhere, the dreadful monster stands for sin, which cannot be represented too hateful or abhorrent.

In the dragon story which pertains to this lovely saint, we are told that the dragon in his fury swallowed her, but that even his fierce body was not strong enough to hold a being so truly good: and that he was swiftly rent asunder by the awful power of goodness, and that Saint Margaret sprang forth in fresh and triumphant beauty, all unhurt by her dreadful prison. One of the ancient pictures, with great precision, shows a fragment of her robe left hanging from the ugly creature's jaws.

There is such an infinitely pretty way of relating this same story in verse, that it will bear telling again, and many times, with its quaint and delightful spelling left unchanged; for after all there are but two or three really hard, strange words, which become fairly clear when taken in their connection.

Maiden Mergrete then
  Loked her beside
And sees a loathly dragon
  Out of an hirn glide;
His eyes were ful griesly,
  His mouth opened wide,
And Mergrete might nowhere flee,
  There she must abide.

Maiden Mergrete
  Stood still as any stone,
And that loathly worm
  To her-ward gan gone:
Took her in his foul mouth,
  And swallowed her flesh and bone.
Anon he brast —
  Damage had she none!

Maiden Mergrete
  Upon the dragon stood,
Blythe was her harte,
  And joyful was her mood.

The governor of Antioch chanced one day to see sweet Margaret, and, charmed by her pure loveliness, wished to make her his wife. But when he learned that she was a Christian, he demanded first that she should give up her

religion. This Saint Margaret would not do, and died.

Her name belongs upon the martyrs' roll; that long, dim record of a company no man can number, and which continues to lengthen as the years move on. A few names shine resplendently here and there; but probably God alone knows the vast number of them which are very modern; though undecipherable to human sight. For men and women are still heroic, still bear fearless witness to the truth, and are still faithful even unto death.

The story of Saint Margaret was brought into England by the first Crusaders, upon their return from the Holy Land; and her purity and gentleness won many hearts, and the children were named for her, as well as the churches.

Every mother had the right to pray that her little daughter might be as gentle and lovely as

> "Mild Margarete that was God's maid;
> Maid Margarete that was so meek and mild."

Soule Art Co., Photo.

SAINT MARGARET OF ANTIOCH

She is the only one of the four great virgin saints who is not famous for her learning. Saint Catherine, Saint Barbara, Saint Ursula, and Saint Margaret: all illustrious for goodness; and all famous for intellectual brilliancy but the dear, sweet Margaret, whose power lies in her meekness and her innocence alone.

We read that Queen Margaret of Scotland, wife of Malcolm III, was the first person of distinction in Europe upon whom the name of Margaret was conferred. She was born in Hungary in 1046, and must have taken sweet Margaret of Antioch for her model. So beloved and honored was Queen Margaret in Scotland, and in England, that she also in the course of time was canonized as a saint.

Pearls belong to Saint Margaret, as do also the daisies.

Saint Margaret's Day is July 20th.

Saint Jerome

Saint Jerome

IT would seem desirable to consider briefly, among these Stories of the Saints, one of the great Latin doctors of the Christian Church, whose life and labor are authentic, and to whom the church has been deeply indebted for noble aid. I have chosen for this purpose Saint Jerome, from the group with which he is associated in Christian literature and in Christian art.

The remaining members of this remarkable group of the Four Latin Fathers, as they are also called, are Saint Ambrose, Saint Augustine, and Saint Gregory: Saint Ambrose, dignified, dominant, and stately, who died upon his knees at prayer; Saint Augustine, who with Saint Ambrose composed the *Te Deum* of the Church, in use to this day, whose sainted

mother, Monica, was his earliest inspiration and later help; and Saint Gregory, the illustrious pope of the sixth century, Gregory the Great, who did much for his church and for the world, and whose skill in music is attested in the solemn strains of the Gregorian Chant.

Saint Jerome's most notable work was the translation of the Old and New Testaments into the Latin language. It was in a poor cell in his monastery at Bethlehem that Saint Jerome completed this translation, known as the Vulgate. Latin was long the written language of the Christian schools and monasteries of Europe.

Jerome, son of Eusebius, was born about A. D. 342, at Stridonium, in Dalmatia. As was befitting, this patron saint of students and of scholars manifested early his love for books; and Eusebius, rejoicing in the ambition of his son, sent Jerome to Rome to pursue his studies.

The splendor of the great city won the simple Dalmatian youth from the habits to which he

had been bred, and he forgot for a while the serious purposes for which he had come to Rome, and wasted his precious time, and the money his generous father gave him, among idle associates in unprofitable amusement. Happily these were but passing attractions, and again Jerome turned resolutely to his books, and attained reputation as an eloquent lawyer, and as such his early manhood was spent.

Following his conversion to Christianity he travelled wherever he could gain the widest knowledge regarding Christian life. The monasteries of the East had great attraction for him, as did also the solitary lives of the hermits.

When in Rome his fiery zeal was directed against the extravagant and luxurious habits of those who professed themselves Christians, and to such he sternly preached the duty of a simple life. Among his converts were two noble Roman matrons, Marcella and Paula, who possessed vast wealth, and who used it to build convents and monasteries, and to win others

to lead the self-devoted life taught them by Saint Jerome.

It is from the pen of Jerome himself that we have the story of Paula. In the course of time Marcella and Paula were declared saints.

The wide inclusiveness of saintship is not only its most encouraging, but also its most impressive characteristic.

The brave soldier, conspicuous for goodness, was canonized because he was good, and that he was also a gallant soldier, fighting in a worthy cause, followed as a feature in the stories of his life.

The military saints are a brilliant assembly. Saint George, with the red cross upon his shield, and Saint Maurice are conspicuous among these. Saint Denis and Saint Martin of Tours, who were soldiers in their earlier manhood, became bishops, celebrated in the Christian annals of France.

The hermit in his cell in the desert, as Saint Paul, Saint Anthony, Saint Macarius, or any other of the hermit saints, became recognized

as a saint through goodness, and not simply because he chose a solitary life in the dreary desert.

The great doctors of the Christian Church, learned men whose duty it was to write, to teach, and in every way possible to them to spread the word of God among the nations of the earth, were chosen to saintship by reason of their goodness alone; since neither their powerful intellect nor their great scholarship through heroic industry, could have sufficed for this, however prominent their shining virtue was rendered thereby.

And thus it is with all this glorious company of saints which no man can number; representing every industry and interest in life, whether in being, doing, or suffering. Each was declared a saint because he was good, whatever else praiseworthy might be told of him.

True stories of real lives are more exacting reading than the lovely legends which attach to those saints whose experience in the world

is chiefly a matter of tradition, and even whose time and place will bear no close examination. But neither the Latin fathers nor the Greek fathers are without their beautiful and touching legends, fashioned from the dreams of genius and spread upon glowing canvas, or traced on parchment by the patient pens of poetic monks.

The legend of Saint Jerome and the lion was born of his life while at the monastery near Bethlehem, said to have been erected by Saint Paula.

One evening when the labor of the day was done, and the monks sat in meditation near the gates of the monastery, a splendid lion approached, dragging himself wearily and in pain.

All the brethren save Jerome fled in fear from before the mighty beast, and to him the lion raised beseeching eyes and his wounded paw for help.

Saint Jerome, who loved animals, was moved to pity, and examined the hurt, removed a

thorn he found deeply imbedded in the poor lion's foot, dressed the wound, and fed and attended him until he was well.

The grateful animal showed no disposition to return to the wilderness, and Saint Jerome accordingly made him welcome to remain, and cast about the monastery to find some useful thing for him to do.

Now it so happened that the brethren depended upon a certain ass to bring them firewood from the forest, and would turn him into a pasture to eat and sleep when his work was done, always taking great care that no harm should come to him; and it occurred to Saint Jerome to place the lion as guardian over the ass.

The king of beasts cheerfully accepted the task, grew friendly toward the ass, and discharged his duty faithfully, until one warm summer day he fell asleep upon his watch, and while the tired ass was quietly feeding in the pasture, some wicked men saw their opportunity and quietly stole him away.

The great lion awoke to find the ass had disappeared, and with his head drooping in shame he told Saint Jerome as well as he could that he had been unfaithful to his trust, and was deeply sorry.

Saint Jerome concluded that the lion had destroyed the ass, as a wild beast of the forest might reasonably do, and put his penitence to the test by setting him to perform the humble duty the ass had so faithfully done. And so, day after day, the lordly lion permitted himself to be laden with the fagots which the brethren needed for their fires, and brought them home duly.

But when his tasks were finished, he spent the hours given him for rest in searching for the lost ass; running here and there with untiring zeal, and never losing the hope of restoring the ass to his kind master; and never once suspecting that Saint Jerome believed that he had devoured the ass.

One day while thus engaged, the lion beheld a caravan approach, and quickly recognized

the ass which led the band of camels as his stolen charge. The merchants, terrified at sight of the roaring lion in their path, lost control of the camels; and the lion, with blazing eyes and mane erect, straightway drove the camels into the monastery to the presence of his master, with the restored ass still in the lead.

Saint Jerome regretted the injustice he had done the lion, in thinking more ill of him than he had deserved, and the attachment between them became stronger than before, when the terrified merchants had confessed that they stole the ass in the presence of the sleeping guard.

Famous artists have made great use of this lion in their well-known pictures of Saint Jerome. In one he lays his paw upon the knee of the saint; in another the faithful beast is seen tenderly licking the feet of his feeble master, who is near to death; while in yet another the great lion roars in lamentation, as Saint Jerome, with his work upon the

earth accomplished, gently breathes his life away.

But the lion as the symbol of fortitude, courage, and resolution appears elsewhere in Christian art; notably in pictures of several martyred saints, Saint Adrian and Saint Natalia among others.

As typifying the solitude of the wilderness the kings of beasts is sometimes introduced in pictures of the hermit saints.

In the representations of Saint Mark the Evangelist, patron saint of Venice, he is usually accompanied by a lion, winged or unwinged.

The lion of Saint Jerome is always shown in harmony with the charming legend.

Saint Jerome's Day is September 30. Golden amaryllis is dedicated to Saint Jerome.

Hermit Saints

Hermit Saints

A HERMIT saint is a holy man who lives alone, that he may spend his days in meditation and religious devotion.

This sounds very dreary; and even a company of hermits, living near together, but out of sight of each other, silent and solemn, in the wilderness, seems little better.

But the great religious brotherhoods came from just such beginnings, — those powerful foundations which held safely within solid walls some of the most precious treasures of the world through ages of great darkness.

Some time you will learn what we owe to those quiet monks, who not only guarded treasures, but who added to them day by day through patient centuries. You will learn how they wrote books, painted pictures,

planted gardens, healed the sick, protected the helpless, and many other good and merciful things they did beside.

The secrets of the dim old cloisters belong to the world now; but if there had been no cloisters in which to hide these secrets, during a time the world was too bad and too ignorant to be trusted with them, we should be sadly poorer to-day.

And so, if we turn back many hundred years, and think upon these brethren purely as a feature of the times in which they lived, when excess and superstition marked all conditions of men, I think they take a strong hold upon our sympathy and our imagination.

We think with pity of their grim, hard rules, their penance, and vigils, and fasts; and gladly turn from these to watch them at their lighter tasks, to follow them out into the sunshine, where they planted their gardens, and dedicated to the saints those blossoms whose beauty must have brought them a great deal of human gladness, in spite of themselves.

It was good for them to make sure that the snow-drops would open at Candlemas; and the marigold be ready at Lady Day; and the passion-flowers be blossoming against the festival of Holy Rood, — and all the rest of the lovely company be ready at the appointed time.

For, fancy the chagrin of the gardener-monk, should some stupid little flower go on slumbering in its bud upon the day it should be beautifully dressed, and smiling its welcome.

You have noticed as you have read thus far, that the flower is mentioned with the day of that Saint to whom it is sacred.

And now I think we shall like to hear a story of Saint Anthony, the founder of the monkish brotherhoods, and of Saint Paul, the first hermit; and that delightful story too, I am sure, of Saint Macarius and the bunch of grapes.

Saint Anthony was born at Alexandria, in Egypt. When he was eighteen years of age

his parents died, leaving Anthony and his young sister possessed of great wealth. And now Anthony, who had never shown any fondness for learning, began to grow into a deep love for goodness, and all his life felt troubled and oppressed by the shadow of what it was to be.

He wandered in and out of the temple, and the old familiar texts fell upon his ears with new, strange meaning, until at last, one lingered and would not be bidden away. And the words of the text were these: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

And when Anthony had pondered long upon these words, he felt that there was no rest for him except in simple, literal obedience to their command; and, dividing with his sister their inheritance, he gave all his riches in charity, and kept for himself only the plain garments which he wore.

Then Anthony went out into the desert and joined a company of hermits.

In those early days the hermit life held a great charm for Christians. The example of Elias and Saint John the Baptist, and the forty days in the wilderness of our Blessed Lord Himself, no doubt had a great deal to do with this, and many must have gone out in humble imitation of these.

Others went to escape the dreadful persecutions which from time to time the Christians suffered; while yet others went in the hope of thus freeing themselves from the temptations which wait upon life in the busy world. Of these last was Saint Anthony; and the stories all agree that their hope was a very vain one, and that temptation went with them into the dreary desert, and could only be conquered there, as in the world, by watchfulness and prayer.

When Saint Anthony had been for some years with the hermits, he was moved to go into perfect solitude; and for twenty years no man saw his face, and after this time was spent, he returned and did many good works,

— healing the sick, and preaching the love of God.

His face was venerable, and serene, and kind; and he drew many men about him who tried to make their lives as pure as his. At one time, five thousand of his disciples were gathered around him in the desert, living in caves and such shelter as they could find.

Humility was one of the lessons the good Anthony most loved to teach; but when he was ninety years old he forgot for a little while to be humble, and grew quite vain in the reflection that for more than seventy years he had lived a life of great devotion. And he could think of no other man who had spent so many years in holy living.

"But there came to him a vision in the deep midnight, and a voice said to him: 'There is one holier than thou art, for Paul the hermit has served God in solitude and penance for ninety years.'" And in the morning Saint Anthony arose and went out humbly to seek for Paul of Thebes.

But he could not know in what part of the desert Paul had hidden himself. And when he met a centaur he inquired of him, — that fabled creature, half man and half horse, which Father Chiron has made so delightful to our fancy, as we picture him training the sons of heroes upon Mount Pelion. And when the centaur had directed Saint Anthony on his way, he turned and fled.

For two days and two nights Saint Anthony journeyed, and early on the morning of the third day he beheld a tall palm-tree, and at its foot a spring of clear water, and the door of a cavern among the desolate rocks.

And this was the lonesome place to which Saint Paul had fled, ninety years before, to escape the terrors of religious persecution, and here he had lived in prayer and penance. When his clothing grew ragged and useless, he made him a garment from the leaves of the palm-tree, and the tree gave him dates for food, and the trickling spring gave him water to drink.

For a time Paul would not heed the entreaties of Saint Anthony at his door, but at last he came forth, and embraced Anthony, and smiled upon him, calling him by name.

They talked long, and when the hour was come at which Saint Paul took food, behold, a raven came, bringing to them a loaf of bread.

Then Paul told how for many years he had lived upon fruit alone, but that now for sixty years he had been provided each day with half a loaf of bread; and he bade Saint Anthony mark that that day a whole loaf had come in memory of his welcome guest.

And after their simple meal was thankfully eaten, Saint Paul told Anthony that the time was at hand when he must die, and he longed to lie folded in a certain cloak which the holy Bishop Athanasius had sent as a gift to Anthony; and he charged him to lose no time, but to return to his monastery, and to come again quickly, bringing the cloak with him.

Then the kind old monk kissed Saint Paul, and set out straightway upon his tiresome journey; weary already with his wandering, but glad to be of comfort to his aged friend, and though he made all the haste he could both going and coming, still he found the cave so silent when he returned, that he knew the soul of Paul must already have departed.

And thus it was; so Anthony could only wrap the precious cloak about the quiet figure Paul had left lying there.

Then Anthony came forth into the bright sunlight, and stood among the savage rocks, and looked out over the desolation of this strange, wild place. And all the sound he heard was the trickling of the little stream at his feet, and the soft rustle of leaves above his head. The heart of the Saint was full of sadness, for his longing was to lay Paul's body in the ground before he went away; but he was tired and worn, and his strength would not serve him, he feared, to shape out a bed in the sand. And while he stood trying to

think what he should do, there came two lions suddenly in sight crossing the desert.

And they drew nearer and stopped, and opened their great mouths and lifted their mighty voices in sorrow; roaring, and roaring, and roaring again, until all the place resounded with their dreadful cries.

And as they cried they pawed in the sand with their strong fore-feet, throwing it on one side and on the other.

Then, when they ceased their roars and went on their way, Saint Anthony found they had dug in the sand the very grave he needed. So he bore Paul's body tenderly and laid it therein, and returned to his convent.

Saint Anthony carried away with him, and kept as a great treasure, the garment of Saint Paul made of palm-leaves patched together, and wore it himself sometimes, on great occasions.

And when Saint Anthony was one hundred and four years old, he too died.

Saint Macarius, another of the great her-

mit saints of Egypt, had his chief residence in a certain desert called the Cells.

Here a great company of hermits lived, each in a separate cell, and quite out of sight of each other. Their work was to weave mats and baskets, and their duty was to keep perfectly silent, save on Saturday and Sunday of each week, when they met together for worship. If a stranger came among them, every monk offered him his cell, and was ready to build another one for himself.

One day Saint Macarius had a present of a rich cluster of purple grapes, and remembering a sick brother close at hand, he straightway passed them on to him.

The sick man bent his eyes gratefully upon the luscious fruit, and thanked the dear God who had provided such against the thirst of fever and restlessness of pain. But as he reached out his hand to take a grape from the bunch, he remembered another monk who lay ill near by. He drew back his empty hand, and sent the grapes to him.

But the great glowing bunch stopped here too only for a moment, and then passed on.

On, and on, and on; out of one cell and into another, until its visits grow too many for us to count, goes the beautiful cluster, finding no one willing to keep it, each brother being filled with the loving certainty that the need of some other brother is greater than his own.

Last of all, it came back to Saint Macarius himself, and what he thought when he saw it again, we are left only to imagine, for here the history of it stops.

Saint Paul Hermit's Day, 15th January.
The Ivy is dedicated to Saint Paul Hermit.
Saint Anthony's Day, 17th January.
Anemone is dedicated to Saint Anthony.
Saint Macarius's Day, 16th January.
Groundsel is dedicated to Saint Macarius.

Commemoration of the Saints in the New World

Commemoration of the Saints in the New World.

THE children of our own land do not need to cross the seas, nor turn to books, in order to find memorials to those whose noble lives won from men the enduring tribute of sainthood. Towns and churches are scattered broadcast over this vast expanse of territory, bearing their venerated names; with many true stories attaching to these namesakes.

The stories are chiefly of peril, disappointment, and hardship such as fall to the lot of workers in the wilderness, or pioneers in a difficult enterprise; but sometimes they are tales of triumph over dangers passed, and of great achievement.

The towns named in honor of the saints most abound where the missionaries of Spain and

France first planted the Cross, and sought to win to Christianity the native tribes of Indians; to give aid and encouragement to toilers upon the frontier of civilization, and to explore and reveal the wonders and opportunities of the New World.

It should be carefully borne in mind in any study of the nomenclature of our country, that the explorers and discoverers from the Old World were discoverers of that which was already owned, named, and valued by the Indians. Also that certain tribes of the Indians had made creditable progress in skill and industry, and were interested in their own advancement, made according to their own ideals and standards. Some of the finest basket weaving in the world was done by the Modoc and the Tulare tribes. But this is practically now a lost art.

In speaking of the discoverers and explorers, we touch lightly upon the achievements of the Norsemen; then confidently upon those of Columbus and the long list of valiant men who

follow; finding always the Spaniard and the Frenchman most ready to invoke the aid of a patron saint upon his undertaking and to commemorate him with gratitude.

Whether we skirt the coast of Florida and Louisiana at the south, the broad states of Minnesota and Michigan at the north, vast Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona at the southwest, or beautiful California upon the western coast, the story of remembrance and dedication is still the same, wherever the men of Spain or France have advanced with their royal standards and the Cross of Christ. St. Augustine and St. Bernard; St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie; San Antonio, Santa Fé, and San Carlos; Santa Barbara and San Francisco and many another river, city, and town, serve to remind us of this.

Who was the first white man to view the Falls of St. Anthony, called by him in honor of the blessed Saint Antony of Padua, but Father Louis Hennepin? Picture this brave Franciscan in the coarse gray capote and peaked

hood of his order, with sandals upon his feet, the cord of Saint Francis about his waist, and a rosary and crucifix hanging at his side. A weary time had Father Hennepin in his perilous exploration of the upper waters of the mighty Mississippi River, which he desired to call St. Louis. But the river retained its superb Indian designation, which means "the Father of Waters," and Saint Louis is held in remembrance in various places elsewhere. The most important of these is the city of St. Louis, which sits beside the Mississippi River, and between two great tributaries, — the turbid, rushing flood of the Missouri, upon the one hand, and the clean and sparkling waters of the beautiful Ohio, upon the other.

Of the rivers in the United States named for the saints, the St. John's River in Florida is perhaps the most noteworthy, first called the River of the May, by Jean Ribaut and his followers, to celebrate the charming May-Day upon which they entered it.

St. Paul, the handsome capital city of Min-

nesota, was somewhat indirectly named thus by Father Lucian Galtier, who most appropriately called the first humble little church erected there St. Paul's, in memory of the great apostle to the nations. The name soon extended to the adjacent landing, and eventually to the infant settlement; a glorious and significant name, well calculated to influence a people who have it daily upon their lips. The town of St. Peter is not far distant.

Of the upwards of four hundred cities and towns of the United States upon which saints' names were conferred, the largest proportion belongs to the state of California, the great garden of America, where the grains and hardy fruits of the Eastern coast grow side by side with the palm and pomegranate, the olive, orange, and fig. The early settlement of California by the Spaniards accounts for this; occurring at a period in the history of Spain when the power of the Church was much greater in secular matters than it now is. The energy of the religious orders, as represented

by the Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans, was eminently practical; and it is to the Franciscans, under the leadership of the great Christian missionary, Father Junipero Serra, that the success of the early missions in California is due.

It was the glory of Saint Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order, to help his fellow-men and to protect the helpless, whether man or beast; and our own America forever owes him a debt of gratitude. Both Columbus and Queen Isabella of Spain were members of the Third Order of Saint Francis.

The little native son or daughter of California does well to remember that while the colonists of the Atlantic coast of these United States were waging war with England in the effort to secure their independence, the brave old padres were travelling up and down the Pacific coast, planting their missions, from San Diego at the south to San Francisco at the north, and gathering the Indians about them to teach them the religion of Christ and the

habits and industries of civilized life. It was a great and beautiful work.

The names bestowed upon the missions are of abiding interest, and the quaint old churches, whether in ruin or carefully preserved, are eloquent reminders of a period all too brief, when the Indian races enjoyed wise care, cheerful toil, and all that made for their best development.

The mission of San Diego, dedicated to Saint James of Alcalá, a Franciscan, was the first mission founded in what is now the state of California, and there on July 16, 1769, was laid the corner-stone of her civilization.

Next came the San Carlos mission at Monterey, founded in the following June, when the sand-dunes were brilliant with blossoms, and the air sweet with their fragrance. There sailors and soldiers, and Father Junipero and Father Crespi, sang the *Te Deum* under the great oak where Viscayno and his Carmelite monks said mass one hundred and sixty-seven years before.

The missions of San Antonio, named for Saint Antony of Padua; San Gabriel, for the great archangel; San Luis Obispo, for Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse; San Francisco, for Saint Francis of Assisi, *Padre Serafico*, head of the Franciscan order; Santa Clara, for Saint Clara of Assisi, the first Franciscan nun, and founder of the order of Poor Clares; San Juan Capistrano, and San Buenaventura, followed within twelve years, making nine in all that bore the impress of the living hand of Father Junipero Serra.

The beneficent undertaking to christianize the Indians of the far West brought rich return. "At the end of sixty years the missionaries of Upper California found themselves in the possession of twenty-one prosperous missions, planted on a line of about seven hundred miles, running from San Diego north to the latitude of Sonoma. More than thirty thousand Indian converts were lodged in the mission buildings, receiving religious culture, assisting at divine worship, and cheerfully performing their easy tasks."

Santa Barbara, La Purissima, Santa Cruz, Le Soledad, San José, San Juan Bautista, San Miguel, San Fernando Rey, San Luis Rey de Francia, Santa Inez, San Rafael, and San Francisco Solano complete this shining roll of missions which did their noble work in a fair and fruitful land. Their history has been well and often told, and many thousand travellers turn eagerly to view the spots where stand either the pathetic ruins or the piously preserved church edifices of that earlier time.

Fancy loves to dwell upon Father Junipero Serra, as he travelled from mission to mission up and down the Pacific coast; teaching the ignorant, uplifting the fallen, and carrying with heroic zeal each detail of the heavy business he had in charge.

No Indian village was too humble or remote for his feeble but untiring feet to penetrate; and it is said of him that when he could do nothing else for the needy savages, he would go weeping from village to village, bestowing his blessing as he went.

Well was it for Father Junipero that his course lay through a land of sunshine and soft and kindly breezes, for it was with his own faithful feet that he measured every step of the way upon his visitations to the missions lying between Monterey and San Diego. Those who loved him best vainly besought him to ride horseback on these long journeys, as they saw him growing older and feebler day by day, and more and more afflicted by lameness, due to an injury to his leg which he had sustained many years before.

But Father Junipero chose to walk, and to walk alone. Sometimes he arose from a bed of sickness to start upon his visitations, so ill that those who tearfully watched him depart felt sure that he would never live to accomplish the task before him. His passionate love for work and powerful will to do what he believed to be God's service long upheld him, and he calmly prepared himself for death when at last he saw that his poor old body could no longer obey the demands of his unwearied soul.

There is an Old World suggestiveness in Father Junipero Serra which well accords with sainthood; and it pleases us to think that in an earlier time he would have been canonized for his remarkable patience and piety, and his passionate outpouring of love upon the least favored of God's children.

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